Spirit OF THE Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1837. VOL. VII. No. 13.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters will be found in our columns to-day from Turfmen in Louisiana, Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Maryland, Arkansas, district of Columbia, and Alabama! They prove conclusively that the deepest interest in the sports of the turf pervades almost every State in the Union. The fact, too, that this paper should be selected as the medium of communication between the turfmen and breeders throughout the country, is not only peculiarly gratifying, but inspirits us to renewed efforts to make the SPIRIT OF THE TIMES worthy of the consideration of its friends.

Did the KEELEYS ever hear of a farce termed the "Hole in the Wall," or "Hide and Seek"? The *new* farce brought out by them a few nights since, "for the 1st time in this theatre" (the Park), under the title of "The Secret," they must have known to be the same, save that the names of the characters are changed. With the remembrance of the inimitable *Thomas*, of SOL. SMITH and PLACIDE strongly impressed upon them, the audience could hardly refrain from hissing the *Moses* of "The Secret," and his attempt at humbug.

By the arrival on Thursday of the *Rhone*, the Havre packet of the 1st of April, we have received a letter from our correspondent in Paris, of great interest, which will appear in our next.

The Trotting over the Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia, commenced last Tuesday; no report had reached town when our paper went to press.

Charles Magic.—We omitted to add in its proper place, at the bottom of a communication on the 102d page, in to-day's paper, that the omission of one of Charles Magic's performances was an error of ours; but if our correspondent will refer to the official report of the Kendall Course races, he will find no mention of C. M.'s receiving forfeit in a colts' Sweepstakes, Mile heats. And if it had been, how could he expect to see it mentioned in a *Two* mile table? Again: the 1st race of Charles Magic, *Mile heats*, is brought up in judgment against us, as if we were expected to insert that also among his winnings at *Two* miles.

☞ *Remittances* from our Country Subscribers have become to be "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." Notwithstanding the Banks in this and several other cities have suspended specie payments, we beg to state that their notes will be received at par at this office, in payment for subscriptions and advertisements. Whoever will "fork up" the same "shall receive the thanks" of the editor, "and no questions asked!"

CAUTION!

In this paper of the 11th of Feb. last, we were obliged to caution our subscribers against the impositions of a *swindler* named E. LILLY, who had been detected in collecting money due this office, without any authority whatever, and appropriating it to his own use. One of our subscribers was duped by him last week, Lilly asking him for his subscription, which was paid, and giving a receipt therefor. We desire to give notice that Mr. JOHN LEEFE is our only authorized collector in this city and the vicinity, and that money paid to any other individual will not be acknowledged at the office.

CONTENTS OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

The *First* number of the new volume, published on the 18th February, 1837, contained an *Alphabetical List of* AMERICAN WINNING HORSES, FOUR MILE HEATS,, during the year 1836—Reports of Races—Matches—On Dits in Sporting Circles—Essays on Blood Stock—Pedigrees, etc., and a great variety of *Sporting Intelligence*.

The *Second* number (25th Feb.) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses*, THREE *Mile Heats*, with a great variety of Sporting and Theatrical Intelligence.

The *Third* number (4th March) contained the Pedigrees, Characteristics, and Performances of "the cracks of the day," including *John Bascombe*, *Post Boy*, *Mingo*, *Rodolph*, and *Linnet*, with the usual variety of other reading matter.

The *Fourth* number (11th March) contains a complete *Alphabetical List of Stallions* for 1837—(consisting of 123 of the most distinguished)—with several communications from Breeders and Turfmen in different sections of the country, and other original articles.

The *Fifth* number (18th March) contained a *Complete List of English Winning Horses* of 1835, at all distances, being the only one published in America.

The *Ninth* number (April 15th) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses, Two Mile Heats.*

Amusements for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, May 13—5th night of Miss Tree's, and 3d night of Mr. Hill's engagement—THE WONDER, and THE KNIGHT OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

MONDAY, May 15—Last night but 3 of Miss Tree's, and last night but 2 of Mr. Hill's engagements.—THE DUCHESS DE LA VALLIERE, OLD TIMES IN VIRGINIA, and THE FOREST ROSE.

TUESDAY, May 16—Last night but 2 of Miss Tree's engagement.—MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, and THE BARRACK ROOM.

WEDNESDAY, May 17—Last night but one of Miss Tree's and Mr. Hill's engagements.—ION, and THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY.

THURSDAY, May 18—Last night of Miss Tree's and Mr. Hill's engagements.—DUCHESS DE LA VALLIERE, and THE KNIGHT OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

FRIDAY, May 19.—Miss Tree's Benefit.

Boxes $1, Pit 50 cts., Gallery 25 cts. Doors open at 6½—Performances to commence at 7½.

FRANKLIN THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, May 13.—97th time of the GOLDEN FARMER—58th time of MOB THE OUTLAW.

MONDAY, May 15.—1st time in America of THE CROSS OF DEATH, written by J. B. Phillips, Esq. and NATURE AND PHILOSOPHY.

TUESDAY, May 16.—CROSS OF DEATH and JOHN JONES.

Doors open at 6 o'clock; performance commence at 7. Boxes 50 cts.; Pit 25 cts.

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

MR. SOL. SMITH, of the firm of Ludlow and Smith, managers of the Mobile and St. Louis Theatres, will be in New York some time in the month of August, to make engagements for those theatres for the ensuing year. Notice will be given of his arrival there.

St. Louis, April 20, 1837.

☞ The N. Y. Courier & Enquirer, the Boston Morning Post, and Philadelphia United States Gazette, are requested to insert the above one month each, and send their bills to this office. [m6]

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

D. D. McKINNEY, of the firm of Dean & McKinney, Managers of the Eagle Street Theatre, Buffalo, and of the Theatres in Detroit, Columbus, Cleveland, and Rochester, will be in New York on or about the 20th instant, and will be happy to receive proposals from ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged talent, for engagements in the above named theatres. All communications (post paid) will be duly attended to.

Buffalo, April 7, 1837. [A15-tf.]

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE EXTRA!

CRUSADER THE SECOND vs. BARNEY O'LINN.

In this paper, for the 15th April, was published the result of a race between these horses, from the Knoxville (Tenn.) Register, appended to which was a banter on the part of Mr. WRIGHT'S *Barney O'Linn*, to run against Major ROGER'S *Crusader Second*, for from $300 to $1000, at almost any time or place that might be named. The banter alluded to has drawn from Maj. Rogers the annexed reply:

Mr. IREDELL D. WRIGHT: *Sir*—I will run *Crusader* the 2d, against *Barney O'Linn*, the same distance for the same sum, on the same track, with 120 pounds on each horse, at any time after reasonable notice.

At our former race, we were each to ride a ketch, and all know, owing to the sickness of my rider, I had to ride another rider, weighing 20lbs. more than yours; and in your proposition of the 24th March, you seem disposed to continue this advantage, though it was owing to my misfortune, and foreign to my contract, you will not complain of a change of weights, as your horse is considerably the tallest.

As to me and my friends having reported that my rider was bribed, I have said nothing more than I said to you on the ground, when I offered to run the race over again for $100 or $500, the next day or the next week, which you refused to do; and as to sueing you, you need have no fears, unless I shall be able to establish before a court and jury that my rider was bribed, and my horse foully rode. If you think my rider was not bribed, you will run this race—if you think he was, you will decline it. DAVID ROGERS.

Knoxville, Tenn., April 26, 1837.

MACON (Ga.) RACES.

A correspondent of the Columbus "Herald," writes from Macon to this effect:—

I give you an account of the races at Macon, up to the close of the third day. On the fourth day, Miss Medley, Clodhopper, and Francis Marion, appeared upon the track, and signified their intention to enter into a contest of four miles and repeat, for the Jockey Club Purse of that day. Miss Medley was of course the favorite. She was in the very midst of her friends, and appeared conscious of the fact, for she walked the course with a confidence quite unusual; and from the lofty carriage of her head, and the proud glance of her eye, she seemed to say to her gallant competitors, you must dance to my lead to-day—and to her backers, lay up your *castings* freely, for the money shall all be yours in 7:57; and sure enough it so resulted, this being the time in which the first heat was run. This time, I am aware, is almost too slow to be repeated, but it was not the fault of Miss Medley, for she was said to be in tip-top condition for running, and I heard a *very* "knowing one" say, that he would have bet a thousand dollars on her doing the heat on that day in 7:45. But Clodhopper could not push her—he lacked the foot to make *her* run, for in winning the purse she merely took *brisk exercise*. Clod, however, is a pretty good horse, all things considered.—He came to Augusta in a drove from the West, and was sold for 180 dollars, and has no more pedigree than a Zebra. Francis, the little Florida horse, whose superior racing qualities I am disposed to think have been kept back by the hardest sort of luck, was in miserable health, and entirely out of fix; his hoofs were greatly diseased, and he was in every way disqualified for the race; yet at the tap of the drum, he dashed off in real quarter horse style, and held his lick well through the first heat; the second he was drawn. The second heat exhibited the easy, graceful, fox-like *gallop* of Medley, to the laborious, awkward, thundering *run* of Clodhopper, who HOPPED as fast as he could, poor fellow, but alas! he HOPPED too short to win. Second heat, 8.3.

The fifth and last day, (Saturday), mile heats, best 3 in 5, a most beautiful field entered, viz.: Lady Morgan, Chronometer, Jane Lamar, Long Measure, and Black Duke—all fleet horses, and favorites too. Speculation was alive, and bank bills fluttering in the wind. Lady Morgan and Jane Lamar were somewhat favorites, but Chronometer bore away the laurels in splendid style, winning three straight heats. The first mile was run in 1:48½. To lead the van in such a crowd, and to carry off the money was glory enough for a horse to win in one day. Chronometer is an uncommonly large, splendid colt, bright sorrel, and the property of Mr. Edmonson. He will be at Columbus races, and will tear the lint off of some of your best nags. Hammond takes to your Course *fire* "good uns." Leannah is among the number, and will be entered on the four mile day. I don't wish to say much about her at this moment, but I can't help thinking, if such nags as she is were employed to carry the *Express Mail*, you would get slips from New York somewhat sooner than you do.

The Louisville Journal has a rather succinct account of another "affair of honor" which occurred in that vicinity:

"*Duel opposite the City yesterday.*—John Smith and Henry Jones. Smith's ball broke Jones's arm—Smith shot through the heart. Expired immediately.

This is the best way to narrate such affairs. Take away the *eclat*, and you destroy the incentive.

TO MISS VANDENHOFF

On her debut as 'Juliet' at Drury Lane Theatre, April, 1836.

The Juliet Shakspeare drew was fair and young,
A vision of the land of sun-glad skies,
A chaste emotion! exquisitely strong
To fondest trust, and heaven-sent sympathies,
As pure, as young, as exquisite, and fair,
A vision and reality combined,
One glimpse revealed thee, maid! beyond compare,
Her of our dreams, the Juliet of the mind—
Artless, as eager hope that made her bless'd—
Anguish'd, as sever'd love that bade her die—
We saw thee move, caressing and caress'd;
We wept to share thy grief's last ecstasy—
And now we long the vision to renew;
Haunted by her we saw, sweet Juliet, and by you.

Things Theatrical.

Park.—Miss TREE continues to be "the observed of all observers;" the "pressure" in the dress circles of Old Drury on her nights of performance is equal to that in Wall-street. HILL made his bow on Wednesday, after his trip over the water, and was heartily greeted. His new drama of "Old Days in Virginia" is hardly the thing it was cracked up to be by the London critics.

RITCHINGS is convalescing, and his friends will be pleased to hear that he will shortly resume his station at the Park.

Bowery.—COOKE'S company have concluded their engagement, and left for Philadelphia, we believe. GEORGE JONES is again leading the business with eclat, and several pieces have been revived that were shelved after HAMBLIN'S abdication. He is expected here the latter part of this month with Mrs. HONEY and Jim Crow RICE.

National.—In consequence of the enormous rates of exchange in the money market, HACKETT re-opened this house last Monday. Notwithstanding the city banks have suspended specie payments, the notes of the WATSONS are still current, and a great run has been made upon the treasury of the house. WALLACK and Miss CUSHMAN are here; the RAVELS are engaged, and appear immediately.

Franklin.—You ought to have dropped into this little snuggery on the night of JOHN SEFTON'S benefit; of course you could not have got in by the doors. The place was crowded like teeth in a Yankee basswood comb. The pit was uproarious with fun, and John was in the seventh heaven of glory and Jemmy Twitcher. Several new wrinkles were brought out, and when John was called out to make a speech, he walked into 'em, as they say, "like a thousand of brick!" "It takes him!"

Mr. WARD, the present acting manager of the Baltimore theatres, will become the sole lessee after the 1st of June, and of the Washington theatre likewise. The death of poor ROWBOTHAM has rendered the task of managing half a dozen establishments quite too serious a matter for Maywood & Pratt. The citizens of Baltimore and Washington are fortunate in the lessee of their theatres, Mr. Ward being one of the most liberal, discreet, and enterprising managers in the country. The business of Baltimore, thus far, has been uncommonly good; Cooper and daughter, Cowell, Mrs. Knight, Mrs. Richardson, and others are there.

McKINNEY, from the Eagle-street theatre, Buffalo, has been in town recruiting: we hear his company will now include Ingersoll, formerly of the Bowery, Harrington, from Baltimore, C. W. Taylor, late of the National, Henderson and Sharpe, from Richmond, Herbert and his wife, of the National, Anderson and his wife, of the Bowery, the Checkini's and Madame Arreline, of the National, with the former stock company, consisting of Mrs. McClure, Marble, the Sam Patch jumper, Dickenson, etc. Among the stars are Augusta, Mrs. Gibbs, Miss Cushman, Placide, of the Park, and others. Dean & McKinney are erecting a new theatre at Chicago; their present circuit includes Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Rochester, etc.

The Boston Morning Post of last Tuesday has the following paragraphs:—

His Lordship, Earl FINN, was received last night at the *Tremont* with tremendous applause, and played with all that quaint, rich, and inimitable humor which has so often convulsed his audiences with laughter in days lang syne. Col. BALLS distinguished himself by the ability and perfection of his personations, while Miss WHEATLEY delighted every one who listened to her sweet accents, or watched her graceful movements. The theatre was crowded, and all appeared to forget care and anxiety, and abandoned themselves to the pleasures of the evening. Crafts, lend us an L.

The National was full to the brim—*Tom and Jerry* went off with unprecedented effect. To-night Mrs. Lewis is to convert symmetry into deformity—metamorphose her full and elegantly turned figure into the humped *Richard!* But she is a remarkable woman, and the power and truth with which she personates the most arduous tragic characters, has excited the wonder of every one who has seen her, and half inclines us to forgive her for stepping out of that sphere in whice nature has qualified her so well for almost unrivalled success.

Mr. Downe is giving concerts at Philadelphia; when Paganini comes he'll *bow-string* all minor musicians. Ostinelli has got his life insured. Metz thinks that he can beat him if Pag won't use his charmed cat-gut.

A new tragedy by C. W. TAYLOR, Esq., has been written for Miss CLIFTON, entitled "*The Castillian Princess*," in 5 acts, that is likely to become highly successful if well got up.

Mrs. GIBBS gives a concert in Boston this evening, assisted by Hermann and King; the papers predict for her the utmost success.

PARSONS, Miss CLIFTON, and Mrs. DUFF have been starring with immense success at Russell's theatre, New Orleans. The business at the St. Charles (Caldwell's) has been better than ever this season, we are gratified to hear. Is Caldwell ever coming North?

The New Orleans Commercial Herald of the 27th ult. states that

Miss Clifton took her farewell benefit at the Camp-street theatre last evening, and a brilliant assemblage greeted her upon the occasion. She evidently labored under severe indisposition; and at the close of the 2d act of Macbeth, Mr. Hill came forward, and bespoke the indulgence of the audience for the lady, which was responded to with feeling. We have not time to enter into particulars; suffice it to say, that she so far recovered, as to elicit reiterated plaudits in the subsequent acts of Fazio. At the termination of the entertainments, in accordance to a general call, Miss Clifton came forward and addressed the audience.

The same paper contains the following paragraph:—

MISS CLIFTON.—We regret to state that this estimable lady, after leaving the theatre last night, where she was much indisposed, on her way to the New Exchange, fainted and fell senseless in the street at the corner of Gravier and Camp-streets. She was taken into the Commercial Exchange Hotel, and after some time recovered sufficiently to proceed home.

The HIELDS and the editor of the Boston Daily Herald having undertaken to excite a breeze at the expense of Mr. BARRY, of the Tremont, that gentleman directed the letter annexed to the editor of the Transcript:—

TREMONT THEATRE, Friday evening, May 5.

To the Editor of the Boston Transcript.

SIR,—We are exposed, in "this best of all possible worlds," to a variety of evils, some of which act on our physical enjoyments, whilst other chiefly affect our minds. The man who robs us of our property does the one—the slanderer who assails our reputation does the other. As there can be no question that mental evils afflict us more intensely, and consequently are harder to bear than bodily ones, so I conceive there can be as little doubt that comparing the slanderer, and his adjunct, the vender of slander, with the thief, and his auxiliary, the receiver of stolen goods, the palm of superior infamy must inevitably be awarded to the latter.

The gentleman who presides over the destinies of the "Daily Herald" with so much satisfaction to himself, if not profit to his employer, has this day published a letter above the signature of W. Hield, late of this theatre, containing a most outrageous misstatement of facts. It is a pity that neither of the above gentlemen can make up their minds to be a little sensible. When a man has done a foolish thing, he has but two wise courses before him; the first is to conceal the indiscretion he has committed, the second to resolve that the experience shall do him good. My conduct as Manager of this Theatre is brought before the public. I shall not shrink from investigation, but abide the issue.

Early in the month of August last, Mr. Hield delivered to me a letter from a gentleman in New York, soliciting a situation for himself and wife at the Tremont Theatre. I agreed to his demands, and gave him the engagement he desired. The following letters will speak for themselves:—

"MR. BARRY: SIR,—I have much pleasure in offering to you the services of myself and wife for the ensuing season at the Tremont Theatre, Boston. To enact the leading parts of Tragedy, with such Comedy and Melo-drama as usually is annexed to that line of business. Salary, thirty dollars each per week, and two half clear benefits. This engagement to commence on the 29th of August, 1836. (Signed W. HIELD.

"P.S. I have added a list of parts any of which we shall be happy to play."

On the same page follows a long list of characters for Mrs. Hield, amongst which stands conspicuous "Mrs. Candour" and "Mrs. Simpson." Judge, Sir, of my surprise at receiving the following note, on the day the *School for Scandal* and *Simpson & Co.* were both announced for representation:—

"MR. BARRY: SIR,—I beg most respectfully to inform you I will not re-appear in the parts of Mrs. Candour and Mrs. Simpson. If such is the business you wish to retain me for, I beg to resign my situation a month from this date.

(Signed) M. A. HIELD."

Mr. Hield's list of characters embraced a wide range, viz., Shylock, Bassanio, Gratiano, Sailors, genteel Irishmen, Pantomime, and Melo-drama. The following is from Mr. Hield:—

"MR. BARRY: SIR,—I have to request you will not feel annoyed at the subject of my note, as *I am resolved* it shall be *the* LAST you will ever receive from me on this *theme*. You must know that Mrs. Hield's engagement at the Tremont Theatre is the source of continual domestic broils, which I am at last determined to put an end to. I am reproached as being the cause of Mrs. H.'s being kept back—that I am building my fame upon her downfall, and many, *many* other aggravating accusations (all false,) which I am most anxious to be freed from. And for that purpose I now appeal to you to entreat you will at once cancel Mrs. H.'s engagement, or to state the earliest possible period you can with convenience do so. I weekly pay Mrs. H. her salary, to which I never lay claim—her half benefit it is not my wish in any way to interfere with. I wish everything for Mrs. H.'s good, and duly wish her to have an opportunity to act independently of me, which can only be done by your giving up, at my request, all further claim on our services. I will sacrifice or consent to anything to obtain a quiet life and respectability, which cannot be mine under the everlasting complaining and consequent excitement I am kept in. Favor me with your answer, and believe me, Sir, yours most respectfully, and with sincere regret that I should have to address you on such a foolish business."

As Mr. Hield has accused me of "injustice and tyranny," it is necessary in my defence before the public, to state, that a few days after the engagement was signed, Mrs. Hield called at my house, and stated that their expences in coming to America had exhausted their funds, and having a family to support, and being in a strange land, they were unpleasantly situated. At her request, from that time up to the commencement of their engagement, the Treasurer of the Theatre advanced Mr. Hield $30 per week, for which I have never required, and shall never seek any return or remuneration. With regard to Mrs. Hield's exertions in Mr. Sargent's new Tragedy, it is true she studied a part on 30 hours' notice, and played it with one rehearsal, but Mr. Hield in alluding to this circumstance, has forgotten to state she received a present of $50 in addition to her weekly salary. It is not true that Mrs. Hield was forfeited for refusing a part in "Rural Felicity," but for refusing a character in the "Two Friends," for Mr. Leman's benefit, and of which she had four days' notice. Mrs. Hield's benefit took place on Monday, April the 10th; it unfortunately proved a failure; probably annoyed at this, the following morning at rehearsal, after Mr. Leman's benefit bill had been sent to the printer, she refused to play the part.

Mr. Hield says I have "no complaint against him." Is he then ignorant of the censures many of the patrons of this Theatre have passed upon his indiscretions? Has he forgotten in so short a period, being unable, from indulgences, to perform his duty, and Mr. Gilbert's going on at a moment's notice, for his part? I know of no greater complaint that can be brought against an actor than this, and I am proud to say it has never occurred in any other instance since I have had the management of the Tremont Theatre. It is with grief I am compelled to make this disclosure to the public, but my character as a man and a Manager has been grossly attacked, and I claim the right of telling the truth in my defence and justification. On the Saturday morning on which Mr. Hield complains of being discharged, he resigned, under the plea of indisposition, a part he had rehearsed, and which the bills of the theatre announced him to appear in on the following play-night. But Mr. Hield's indisposition was affected—he never intended to play in the Tremont Theatre again, and being assured of this fact from undoubted authority, I returned him Mrs. Hield's fine, and closed the engagement myself. I have related but a few of the annoyances and provocations I have received, yet enough, I believe, to justify me in the eyes of the public, and clear my character from the gross and vulgar aspersions contained in the Herald of this morning. I am, Sir, respectfully,

Your humble servant, THOMAS BARRY.

LIFE IN THE JUNGLE.

All was still, except the scream of the plover, and the dismal yell of the hyena prowling round the tents to seek his filthy food, when Mohadeen crawled from his hut of palm leaves, and looked toward the east. It was yet dark, but to mark the bear returning to his den, he must watch the mountain pass before the first blush of light dappled the grey horizon. Fukeera, his faithful ally, a little swarthy Mharattah, with fierce moustaches curling to his eyes, was already squatted before a fire which he had lighted from his tinder box, inhaling volumes of smoke from his beloved pipe. Poor fellow! it was his only luxury. His food was the coarsest bread, his drink was water, and that frequently the muddy dregs of a parched spring in some barren plain, across whose dreary waste he was following a trail. Yet upon such wretched fare, he, like most of his caste, led a life of almost unremitting fatigue. I knew him well: and while residing in that country where these scenes are laid, often admired the fearless spirit of this gallant fellow, and the devoted fidelity with which he served his master. Some men are too proud to betray timidity; others become from habit indifferent to danger, which they have often faced unharmed; but I really believe he was born without the sense of fear.

He had been in Blowhard's employment for many years, and once only during that time had he fallen under the displeasure of his lord; but on that occasion a blow was given, and the proud Asiatic could not brook a blow. He instantly stripped off his belt, and throwing it at his master's feet, betook himself to the jungle, and was no more heard of for some months. The old deer-stalker deeply reproached himself for his rashness, and quite took to heart the loss of his faithful servant; but both found upon trial that they could not live without each other, and a reconciliation took place in a manner too characteristic to be omitted. Blowhard was one morning shooting deer in the forest alone. He had lost a trace of a wounded buck which he was endeavoring to retrieve, when a wild looking Mharattah, armed with a matchlock, sallied from the jungle, and without speaking a word, made a cast, which brought him on the trail; followed it up till he found the deer, and showing his face for the first time, disclosed the grinning features of Fukeera. No explanations were given or required, and from that moment they became once more inseparable.

The number of escapes which this man made in the course of his perilous employment would appear incredible were they all recorded. Although perfectly aware of the risk he ran, yet when excited by love of sport, and buoyed up by his firm belief in predestination, he would rush headlong into danger with a wild desperation which trampled on caution, and rose superior to the fear of death. I once saw him actually drive a tiger from his lair at the point of his sword. After a fruitless search with the elephant, doubts were expressed of the tiger having been marked down at all. Fukeera, nettled at the insinuation, drew his long two-handed sword, and rushed into the cover, declaring he would show him or die. We followed, endeavoring to stop him, but he kept in front, regardless of threats or entreaties, brandishing his tremendous blade, and to our horror we saw him enter the thicket upon hands and knees in which the tiger lay, and drive him out in triumph: most strange—the tiger did not charge him, and he escaped without a scratch. The coolness of the fellow at times was only to be equalled by his recklessness at others. When escape was impossible from a tiger charging the beaters where there was no way of avoiding him, he used to push down the man nearest him, and leaving him as a victim, get to a place of safety. This he told me himself with the utmost sang-froid, and defended his conduct not injudiciously by saying, "that as some one must fall, he might as well employ his skill in woodcraft by saving his own life."

To return from this digression. Mohadeen threw his blanket over his shoulders, and tucking his sword under his arm, joined his companion, who took one long parting whiff before he shook the ashes from his pipe, and the two departed in silence to the jungle. Nothing can surpass the keenness of vision, and the instinctive certainty with which the Indian shikaree pursues his game. Under a scorching sun he picks the slightest trace over the hot ground, that flings back upon unpractised eyes an intolerable glare of light. Yet day after day he toils with determined perseverance, not to be discouraged by fatigue or disappointment. When a fresh track is found, it is followed till a satisfactory account can be given of it. From one ravine to another the foot-print is traced; here deeply impressed in sand, there so slightly marked on hard soil as to leave no trace visible to a European eye. But to the native the faint pressure of a blade of grass is sufficient, and he carrries on his work with patience to the last cover entered by his game. The first point is then to ascertain if it has passed through: if not, the place is immediately surrounded, and the animal is said to be found. Occasionally, however, the leading shikaree, not satisfied with having marked it to its lair, follows up the trail with a step so light that the leaves scarce bend under his feet, till he sees the sleeping brute, when he softly retires and sends word to his employer. Such is the method pursued in finding most of the larger animals of the chase in India; but the bear requires less caution and less skill. He wanders by night into the open country, where he feeds principally upon ants, beetles, and other insects, for which he grubs along the banks of rivers. At day-break he returns to the hills, and may be easily marked into his den, from which he rarely stirs till evening.

Some hours after the departure of the peons, two Arab horses stood saddled before the tents, their Mharattah grooms,—small dark men, with bushy moustaches, and wholly destitute of clothing, except short brown drawers that covered only half the thigh,—patting their sleek skins, and addressing them in terms of flattery and affection, as if every word was understood. Blowhard and his friend, in the garb which marked the favorite weapon of each, green for the rifle,—red for the spear,—soon issued from the tents, and taking a cup of coffee which was handed to them by an attendant, mounted their horses and cantered to the ground whither their guns had been previously taken. Mohadeen, sword in hand, met them at the entrance of a deep valley, which divided two ranges of precipitous hills. His excited looks were sufficient to announce that his search had been successful, and he salaamed to the two sportsmen with that important self-satisfied air, which formed a striking contrast to his chap-fallen manner when he had to report a blank day. "You may read 'bear' in the very twirl of his beard," remarked Blowhard to Rivers. "Come, Mohadeen, speak out, what news?"

"Your highness's fate is great," answered the Mussulman, "three bears are awaiting your pleasure," holding up the same number of black fingers. "One is a very large male—a savage thief that took to killing men lately: there he lies," pointing to a ledge of rock on the very summit of the hill. "We saw him as soon as it was light coming down from a Peepul tree, where there was a fine lot of wild honey, and we never lost sight of him till he lay down to sleep in his den."

"Take the glass, Rivers, and see if you can make him out: I think I can mark him with the naked eye, unless that black spot under the shade of the cliff is a rock."

"That is he, no doubt of it!" joyfully exclaimed Rivers, as he dropped the glass, "I can distinguish his grey muzzle quite distinctly, and he is lying in the most beautiful position possible for a shot, with his head between his paws. We may book him, I think."

"It will be hard if he beats us," answered Blowhard, "but I have lost bears as well as found; for they carry off shot that would sicken a tiger. Now let us arrange our plans. Where is Fukeera, Mohadeen?"

"There he sits, Sahib, watching the bear," pointing to a grey spot on the mountain side, which was the motionless figure of the Mharattah, perched like a bird of prey on a high peak watching his quarry.

"And the other bears you talked of?"

"The village people, Sahib, are looking after them on the other side of the hill. One is in a den with her cubs; the other is lying in a field of sugar cane in the plain."

"Well, Rivers, we are in for a steep pull. We must get above this fellow first and dispose of him, for he is most likely to be disturbed. We can then stir the old lady from her den, and what say you after that to laying aside, the trifles, and trying the one in the plain with the spears?" "Very good," replied Rivers, "the last is the sport for me—the spear for ever! I long to see my blade disappearing in the bear's flesh, for I have an ill-will against the ugly brutes; the last I killed mauled my horse most terribly." Thus conversing, the two sportsmen began the wearisome ascent. The sun was already beginning to be oppressive, and the heat reflected from the rocks was at times almost overpowering during a lull of the morning breeze. Their path was rendered still more difficult by dense masses of thorny brushwood, which clothed the bottom of the hill, the nullahs by which its rugged sides were cloven, opposed insuperable obstacles to rapid progress. Small herds of gazelles scudded among the bushes, occasionally stopping, and then dashing off at full speed with a shrill whistle by which they give warning of danger, and the little four horned antelopes bounded from the crag to crag before them: but higher game was in view and they were suffered to pass unmolested. When they had reached the top, Blowhard beckoned to his friend to sit down. "It is one of my rules," said he, "never to touch a trigger with a trembling finger if I can help it, and a man's hand cannot be steady after such a pull. I like to see a barrel rise to the eye steadily, and the trigger pressed so gradually that it goes with the weight of a feather as soon as the sight is on your object. When a man is blown it is rare to see the ragged ball fly true. Now take wind for five minutes, and then let me see you plant your ball between old Bruin's eyes. I can bring you within forty yards, for I know the ground well—and well I may, when I have killed some half dozen on the very spot." Rivers threw himself panting by his side, while Blowhard scrupulously examined the nipples of each rifle, to see that the powder was well up to the caps. "Twice in my life," said he, "when I first took to the jungle, I made a narrow escape by omitting the precautions which I have just observed: once, when I fired at a tiger on foot, after running up a steep hill such as this, when I clapped my eye to the sight, my hand shook like a drunkard's—I missed him clean—he charged, and if I had not dropped him as he was aboard of me with the second barrel, it would have been all up with me. The other time a drop of oil had choked up the nipple, and a miss was the consequence, at the moment a wounded bison was coming slap at me. A large tree saved me that time; but I have never forgotten it, and depend upon it a man who lives in the jungle cannot be too cautious, and should never throw a chance away. Nothing is less sportsman-like than going up to your game like a flurried school-boy to his partner at his first ball, and a miss-fire is generally a man's own fault."

"Quite right, old boy," answered Rivers, "I could not have hit a hay-stack when we sat down—now I am all right." "Well to him then," said Blowhard. "Take my two ounce rifle—it will not deceive you, if you hold it straight. You can take a rest on the corner of a rock right over him—I shall make him look up, and then give it to him. You had better hand your own gun to Mohadeen, unless you really prefer it." The Mussulman took it without remonstrance, although he looked as if he would have preferred his master's shooting, who indeed rarely fired a shot in vain. With stealthy tread they crept to the edge of the cliff, and Blowhard, looking cautiously over the ledge, smiled grimly as he made signs to Rivers to take up his position beside him. The sleeping brute lay rolled up in a shapeless mass of black fur, in which his head was completely buried, within the distance mentioned by the old deer stalker. "Now," he whispered to his companion, who knelt with his rifle resting on the rock, "mind the sight, fire for a short range." "All right, but I cannot see his head." "I shall make him show his ugly face in a moment," uttered Blowhard, and putting his hand to his mouth, he uttered a long howl, not unlike the animal's cry when wounded. The bear slowly raised his huge sleepy head inquiringly towards them: then seeing his enemies, curled up his grey muzzle, giving an angry growl, and was in the act of raising when the rifle exploded, and he dropped with a stream of blood gushing from his forehead. "Capitally hit, nothing could be better!" exclaimed Blowhard.

Fukeera, descending from his perch, rushed eagerly to witness the death, and joined with Mohadeen in a thousand gesticulations of unrestrained delight, now that caution was no longer necessary. On examining the fallen brute, they found him lying in a pool of blood, still breathing, although the ball passed through his brain. Another shot in the head effectually dispatched him, and he was left to be carried, or rather rolled, down to the plain by some shepherds who fed their goats upon the hills. They informed the party that the bear had killed three of their tribe very lately, and that he had attacked every one who approached his haunts. "Aye," observed Blowhard, "it is generally the way with these old stagers; they get sulky in their old age, and tire of grubbing for beetles and munching honey all their lives. I have seen a great deal of bears, and know well that they are most savage and dangerous animals at times, not a bit more to be trusted because they are not carnivorous. An old friend of mine, Major R——, as brave a man as ever breathed, and a good sportsman too, only he would use a grimcrack seven-barrelled rifle, only fit for a Frenchman, was very nearly killed by one last year, at Dharwar, and he will carry the marks to his grave. He was a man of tremendous strength, with an arm like a Hercules, or he never would have got out of the bear's grasp alive. I said he was a brave man, and one you could trust to in the hour of danger, but as I hope not to die in a tiger's jaws, I shall never again go tiger shooting with him—at least in his way. He sent word to me one morning that he had a tigress marked down in a nullah near camp. Well, I went out with a young officer from the fort, and how do you think we found him employed? Sitting very comfortably in an arm chair, in the middle of the nullah, with another placed on each side for us; a cheroot in his mouth, a glass of grog beside him, and the seven-barrelled rifle on his knees. 'Take a chair each, gentlemen,' said he. 'We shall shoot this tigress *comfortably*; she is in that thicket just round the corner, and will be driven up most favourably for us.' Old R—— was as cool as if he was at the mess table—not so I, for I wished from my heart that the tigress would not show herself. I stared, and my friend stared, but the fact is we were both more afraid of the Major than the tiger, so we sat down like condemned criminals to await our fate. However, we got well out of it. The tigress came up, and the Major, to whom we gave up the honour of first shot, laid down his cheroot, took a steady aim, and I believe hit her, but the balls, little larger than swan shot, seemed to strike with no force. She merely shook her head, and fortunately taking alarm at our formidable line, made away across country without another shot. That was the first, and shall certainly be the last time that I sit in an arm chair to shoot tigers. But we must talk no more, or we shall not finish our work." Having re-loaded they proceeded to the opposite side of the hill, where they found a band of village shikarees watching round the entrance of a small cave. It was so situated that a man could not gain access to it from below without great hazard, but a projecting ledge surmounted the mouth of the den, from which it would be easy to shoot the bear as she bolted. Upon this ledge the two sportsmen took their stand, while the villagers endeavoured to drive her out with a pole thrust through a crevice of the rock. Her deep, surly growls answered every attempt, but she would not leave her cubs. "What is the use of that child's play?" said Fukeera, who stood looking on with great contempt. "That is not the way to make a bear show herself. Give me that long spear, and you two lay hold of my cumerbund."* So saying, the gallant Mharattah, having fastened under his arms the cotton cloth with which he was girded, lowered himself over the mouth of the den.

"I CAN see her, Sahib," shouted he: then addressing the bear, "You won't come, won't you, you cursed brute? You are afraid to face me, you cowardly bitch. I am the foe of your caste. I have killed your mother, and your father's blood is on my hands. Come out you!"

He had reached the climax of Hindoo invective, which invariably ends in epithets too indecent to be repeated even were it possible to translate the peculiar slang in which they are expressed, and with the last volley he drove the spear with all his force into the bear's body. A loud roar was instantly heard, and she rushed from the den, her natural size immensely increased by every hair of her shaggy coat standing erect. She wrenched the spear from her broad chest, and with the shaft still between her jaws brushed under Fukeera's feet, as he hung suspended, while the balls poured in so close to his shaven head as to shroud him in a sheet of smoke and flame. Far from flinching, however, he continued shouting alternate exclamations of abuse and triumph till the death knell of the expiring bear told him she was no longer dangerous. Before she had ceased to breathe he dropped upon her body, and went to earth like a terrier after the cubs, from which he soon re-appeared amidst bursts of laughter, covered with dirt, and holding under each arm a young cub struggling most viciously for liberty. A third was found clinging fast to its mother's back, and although a ball had passed through its body, it still retained its hold, and could not be torn away without considerable force. Both of these bears had fallen tamely—the exciting part of the day's sport was yet to come. Within an hour Blowhard and Rivers were mounted on two well-trained hunters which had been at the death of every animal that could be encountered with that most manly of all sporting weapons, the spear. The former on his favorite old horse, *Time*, a powerful, flea-bitten Arab, of the highest caste—the latter on *Clasher*, the pride of the Deccan, and one of the most famous hunters of his day. A band of beaters, headed by the Mussulman and Mharattah peons, rushed with deafening cries into the canes, which formed the only strong cover in a plain of considerable extent, about a mile distant from the hills.

The roar of the roused bear was soon heard, and by the time the men had reached the middle of the field his course could be traced by the crashing of the broken stems, which yielded like grass to the powerful brute. "He's away," shouted Rivers, as the black monster broke from the cover and gallopped at his awkward pace towards the hills, "Hurra for first blood!" and giving *Clasher* his head, off he dashed in hot pursuit, with *Time* at his heels. The bear turned round for an instant on hearing the clatter of hoofs, then sending back a roar of defiance, resumed his flight. On nearing him both took a pull at their horses' heads to have them well in hand before the encounter. They were now at his haunches—he half turned to meet them—at that instant in went the spears, and as they passed at full speed each buried his spear blade deep. The enraged brute made frantic efforts to overtake them, gnashing his foaming teeth with impotent fury and roaring so fiercely, that even the well-tried Arabs showed some reluctance to face him again. They were at length wheeled round, and again coming up nearly abreast, both spears were delivered and withdrawn with fatal precision—the horses, obedient to the leg and rein, turning off beautifully at the critical moment. The bear now bleeding profusely still continued to retreat, occasionally standing at bay and charging desperately. He had antagonists to deal with, however, who were perfect masters of their weapons, and mounted on horses which turned much too rapidly to be overtaken by his clumsy efforts.

Spear after spear transfixed him whenever a favorable opportunity occurred, till at last the exhausted brute, his sides dripping with blood and his tongue hanging from his parched jaws, lay down among some thick bushes, unable to run further. It was then that Rivers, exclaiming "that he was done," spurred up his horse to give him the *coup de grace*. Too much excited to be cautious, he did not listen to Blowhard's warning voice, who earnestly called to him, "Don't spear him in cover, for God's sake." Before he could finish the sentence his prediction was verified. *Clasher* went boldly up, and leapt into the centre of the bushes, but he could not turn off as in the plain when the spear was delivered.—The bear, exerting the last remnants of his strength, reared to his full height as the blow was given, and seizing Rivers by the thigh dragged him from the saddle. The noble Arab, snorting with fear, plunged wildly forward, leaving his helpless rider, and galloping madly from the spot, at once announced what had happened, already confirmed by the horrid yell of the bear at the moment of seizing his victim. "I knew how it would be," muttered Blowhard between his clenched teeth, as he dismounted and drew the long hunting knife, which he always carried. Leaving his horse he sprang to his friend's assistance, who lay half stifled under the bear, which still retained his hold. Without a moment's hesitation he threw himself upon the brute and plunged the knife to the hilt behind the shoulder, repeating his blows till the monster's jaws relaxed in the convulsions of death.

Rivers, on being dragged from under the lifeless carcass, leapt up and warmly thanked his friend for his deliverance. Although covered with blood it was not his own. The bear was so completely blown that his gripe had not penetrated the leather breeches in which the hog-hunter always rode, and a trifling bruise was the only result of an accident which promised to be serious.

"You have got well out of it this time," said Blowhard, cooly wiping his reeking blade on the shaggy hide of the prostrate bear, "but he would have had your scalp before I could have saved you if he had not been near the death throes."

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for March, 1837.

Note—The Indian bear, *Ursus Lanialus*, is a variety whose habits are little known by naturalists. It is found in most mountainous parts of India, and in some places bears are so numerous that I have known fifteen found in one day. I have myself seen seven within six hours. Although not carnivorous it frequently attacks and kills men from mere wantonness, generally seizing its victim by the head and tearing away the scalp. Of this I have known several instances.

DECCAN.

* The robe—generally a shawl, which is worn round the waist.

A WEEK AT NEWMARKET.

The month of March has always been considered (and very justly so) as the most critical one of the whole twelve to the racing man. It is in this month that the fox-hunter steals quietly away from his pleasant and healthful pursuit, and spends two or three days in seeing his favorite take his morning and evening gallops, or, perhaps, a trial over the Rowley Mile, and should the result prove favorable to his fond anticipations, he probably takes an extra day in placing an additional *pony* or two on at Tattersall's—and pray what else would keep a fox-hunter four days from his kennel?

This is the month whose vivifying influence arouses the dull and indolent *leg* into something like the energy of existence; after having passed the dreary period of winter in a state of mental and corporeal torpidity, resembling, as the painters term it, "a living picture of still life."

Critical as the month of March is to the racing man, it is even more so to the running horse. How many *thousand-pounders* drop from their "high and palmy state" into comparative insignificance, not only in character, but also, as a natural consequence, in value, after one short spin across the flat! How many a high priced and beautiful creature is just at this nick of time (when wanted) standing drowsily in his stall, when an inferior horse walks over the course and receives the forfeit! I will not enter into the whole chapter of accidents—lameness, breaking down, &c., these are casualties which no human foresight can prevent, they visit the stables of every racing man, and alas! too often send the pride of his stud to the nearest kennel!

But to return to Newmarket. I purpose making a few remarks on my late visit to this seat of *learning*. In writing the word "learning," I beg leave distinctly to say I mean it to apply in its fullest sense; for in point of abilities in calculation, I could name two or three frequenters of this little town, who might with safety be backed against that phenomenon, George Bidder, or any other distinguished calculator; and, like the walking Ready-Reckoner above mentioned, the individuals to whom I allude cannot explain their system, nor could they communicate their knowledge to the world if they were so inclined. Though I am not what is technically called "a betting man," as I said in my last letter, yet I will be bold enough to assert that there is not a nobleman, gentleman, or commoner, who is fonder of the sport than I am, or any one who enters more industriously into its interests.

On my arrival at Newmarket I learnt, as indeed I expected, that two sporting noblemen had been there incog., and that the horses generally were well, and taking strong exercise. The neat little town appeared in its usual state of quietude; the brushes of the house-painter and white-washer had made their annual visitation, and the labors of these cleanly *artists* were attended with their desirable and beneficial results—in short, Newmarket is like nothing but Newmarket; it stands alone, and the Newmarket of this day is, probably, nearly the same as that of a century ago.

Upon "*making* the heath," (to use the expression of a sporting naval captain,) I saw horses on nearly all its parts; indeed, the scene was extremely picturesque, and to me a truly delightful one. No expense has been spared to get the ground in the best possible condition.

The first horse which came under my observation was Lord Exeter's Troilus, and a nice little horse he is;—his blood is purely aristocratical, he being a descendant of Priam, (winner of the Derby in 1830,) and Green Mantle, (winner of the Oaks in 1829,) and as he is a neat goer, and in fine condition, his friends place great dependence on his powers. Dardanelles and two others (engaged in the Derby) I also saw. Dardanelles was purchased when a yearling from the Grafton stud, and during the last winter has been backed for large sums by his party, at odds varying from 12 to 1 to 25 to 1; but notwithstanding this, Troilus is evidently the pet of the stable. Lord Exeter is a rare sportsman, and nothing would give me greater satisfaction (barring winning it myself), than that his Lordship should carry off the Derby, 1837.

I was exceedingly pleased with the appearance and manner of going of Norgrove, a bay colt in the possession of Mr. Cookes, and trained by John Robinson; and should he win the Column stakes in the Craven meeting, (for which he is the favorite,) he will unquestionably take a forward place in the Derby betting. Mr. Cookes, like Mr. Batson, is very limited in his racing establishment, and resembles him also in having generally a good horse in his stable. Sir Mark Wood has a long string of, I should say, indifferent horses; among them was pointed out to me, as the winner of the Derby, a chesnut colt, by Cetus, out of a Blacklock mare, and although he did not appear quite as right as the worthy Baronet could have wished, yet he showed the blood of old Whalebone about him, which is frequently a *passport* over the Epsom course.

The Scotts' lot form a strong show in the Derby, and Jereed is spoken of as being considerably improved since last year. His running of itself was sufficient to gain him many friends, and considering the party under whose care he is placed, the confidence shown is no more than might be expected. I was told by a gentleman, somewhat connected with their stable, that Jereed was not their sole dependence, and that great things were expected from Sambo and Capulet.

The "lion" of the season, however, is Lord Jersey's Brother to Bay Middleton, and I took two opportunities of seeing him. He is, like his brother, a bay; and is, I should say, about fifteen hands and three quarters in height, with good racing points, but decidedly not so muscular as his brother. There is something about his action which did not please me, (perhaps I am too fastidious,) but as it was only when he was taking a gentle gallop that I formed this opinion, and, as he evidently has a good deal of the Sultan temper about him, he probably was not in his best humor that morning; when I saw him afterwards in his box, he appeared not only in better humor, but also in fine condition. "The Riddlesworth," said an old sporting friend of mine, "seems to have been established purposely for the Earl of Jersey's benefit; for his Lordship has only to be a subscriber, and success is a regular sequence." The betting gentry have clearly demonstrated that this year's Riddlesworth is miserably deficient in strength, by offering to back Lord Jersey against the field at nearly even money. Lords Chesterfield and Oxford, with Col. Peel and Mr. Thornhill, are thought likely to run. The Colonel's filly showed some speed last autumn, and is said (for I did not see her) to be in prime twig. The black horse Flare-up, so long a favorite for the Derby, shows the Lamplighter blood in a high degree, and supposing his legs to stand, of which there appears to be considerable doubts, I should pronounce him a first-rate King's-plater for next season; indeed, it was hinted to me, that his Lordship does not intend running him for his engagements this year.

Caravan, purchased of the Earl of Stradbroke, by Lord Suffield, for fifteen hundred pounds, as report says, with an additional five hundred pounds should he win the Derby, is a large powerful horse; but not, at least to my eye, with a Derby-like manner of going; his friends are amazingly sweet upon him, and perhaps were he to win, more money would have to be paid over at long odds than ever before was known.

Were I to particularize all the stables into which I entered, or follow out the remarks contained in my note-book, (as at the outset I had some intention of doing,) I should extend this article to an unseemly length, and, peradventure, in the main, afford but little information to my readers on the approaching meetings, as every trainer could point out the Derby winner among his lot. I shall therefore content myself with merely observing, that there are at the moment I am writing, more horses at Newmarket than at any other former period; that the three year olds, with three or four exceptions, are *not so promising* as those of former years; that the country lots are not only numerically strong, but also powerfully great; and that the *fielders* have every prospect of a rich and plentiful harvest.

UNCLE TOBY.

London (New) Sporting Mag. for April, 1837. Gloucester Coffee House, Mar. 14, 1837.

ANECDOTES OF JACK MYTTON.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE JOHN MYTTON, ESQ., OF HALSTON, SHROPSHIRE.—Royal Octavo; published by R. Ackermann, 191 Regent-street, London.

BY NIMROD.

The first edition of this work, re-printed from the New Sporting Magazine, having met with a rapid sale, Mr. Ackermann has just published a second, revised and greatly enlarged by the author. The new edition contains several additional illustrations, designed by H. Alken and T. J. Rawlins, with many new anecdotes communicated to the author by a Shropshire gentleman, who has frequently contributed to the N. S. M. under the signature of "Junglicus." From the additional matter contained in the new edition, we select the following characteristic anecdotes of "John Mytton," whose wild, eccentric, and unhappy career is displayed by his biographer to the young sportsman, "not as an example for imitation, but as a warning to deter."

"Shortly after Mr. Mytton attained his majority, he gave a horse-dealer, named Clarke, of Meole, in Shropshire, an order to purchase for him some carriage horses. Putting one of them into a gig, *tandem*, to see, as he expressed himself, 'whether he would make a good leader,' he asked the dealer, who sat beside him, *if he thought he was a good timber-jumper?* On the dealer expressing a doubt, Mytton exclaimed, 'Then we'll try him;' and a closed turnpike-gate (at Hanwood) being before him, he gave the horse his head, and a flanker with his whip at the same moment, when he cleared the gate in beautiful style, leaving Mytton and the dealer, and the other horse, all on the nether side of the gate, and fortunately, all alive, although the gig was much injured."

"He once had a horse that would rear up in his gig at the word of command,

until the hinder part of it absolutely touched the ground; and, although he was much given to display this dangerous accomplishment, no accident was the result. I was myself once passing through the town of Oswestry, only two hours too late to have witnessed a most singular performance of a team of coach horses of his, which he had been exercising in a break. Finding they had gotten the better of him, he contrived to quit the carriage without injury, and the horses being at liberty, ran at full speed into the town of Oswestry. Unfortunately a gateway presented itself, into which they dashed, and now for the finish. The said gateway led into a parallel street, but, narrowing as it lengthened, there was, towards the further end of it, room for the horses but not for the carriage to pass. The consequence was, the four horses, breaking all their harness by the shock, tumbled head over heels into the street, and strange to say, not one of them was killed. So much for his exploits in harness."

"On one occasion a thought struck him that a good race might be made between waggon horses; and seeing four of his own at the moment, he ordered all their gearing, except their bridles, to be taken off them, and to be drawn up in a line. Having mounted one of them himself, he persuaded three of his friends to jockey the others, and away they went as fast as words and blows could avail. By a preconcerted plan, however, Mytton placed the waggoner at a spot where the ground was somewhat on the descent, with orders to cry out, 'Who-ho,' at a signal given by himself. The horses knowing the voice, and glad to obey the word, stopped so suddenly as to occasion two of his three friends, who rode on the bare back, to glide from their seats, and fall headlong to the ground."

"Whilst in the Seventh Hussars, and quartered with the army of occupation in France, he heard of a badger that no dog in that country was able to draw. Having offered a bet, which was accepted, that *he would produce a dog in a certain given time that would perform that act*, he very coolly ordered his favorite servant ('old John,' as he always called him, and who was in his service from his boyhood), to go to a village called Cockshut, in Shropshire, and purchase and bring to him one Burrough's dog. Nor did the order end here. 'If Burroughs won't part with his dog,' said Mytton, 'bring him over, dog and all, at his own price!' The dog, however, was bought for eight pounds, and drew the badger in great style. He was a small animal, half bull, half terrier; and having been brought to England by Mytton, remained at Halston, where he was well taken care of till he died."

"He was very much beloved by the laboring classes within a large circle round his house, and would occasionally enter their cottages without invitation or ceremony. His horse having fallen with him one day, and broken his knees very badly, he applied to an old woman by the road side for some linen bandages to apply to them. Being unable to furnish them, he thus addressed her. 'Never mind, my good woman; bring your scissors here and cut off the tail of my shirt, and then you may cut up the sleeves of it, which will make capital bandages.' On another occasion, after having been long exposed to cold on the Hawkestone hills, with hounds, he entered a house near Wem, taking his favorite hunter, Baronet, along with him; and having warmed himself and his horse at a good fire which he ordered to be made, he departed for home, saying they were both very much the better for it, and also for what they found in the house,—for he was by no means particular as to what he helped himself or his horse on these occasions; and is said once to have seriously injured a horse by dosing him as he dosed himself—*with wine*."*

"Mytton may be said to have lived in a storm, for a row was his delight. Nevertheless, although there was an apparent ferocity of temper about him at times, it was blended with much kindness of heart, and he scarcely ever thrashed a man that he did not give him something afterwards to make amends. I remember hearing of an unfortunate horse-breaker having been carried, *nolens volens*, by a half-broken colt into the midst of his hounds. Mytton flogged him severely, and then gave him a guinea. But there are scores of similar facts to this upon record—one of which I have already related. He would not, however, suffer any man to take an improper liberty with him, and in that case, there was no compensation for a thrashing. A Shrewsbury tradesman, when a little 'sprung,' ventured to call him 'Johnny.' Mytton floored him on the spot."

"He was one day engaged to dine with a friend at some distance from Halston, and came, as usual, in his tandem. After dinner, the conversation turning on the danger of that mode of harnessing horses, from the little command the driver can have over the leader, Mytton at once expressed his dissent from this doctrine; and being under the influence of the 'rosy god,' offered to bet a pony (£25) all round, that he would, *that night*, drive his tandem across the country, into the turnpike road, a distance of half a mile, having in his progress to get over a sunk-fence, three yards wide; a broad deep drain; and two stiff quickset-fences, with ditches on the further side!! The bets offered were taken by several of the party present, to the tune of £150 and upwards, and after the necessary preparations, all turned out to see the fun, although in justice it should be said, as Mytton was then under age, it was not only proposed to him that the bets made should be off, but he was strongly persuaded not to make the attempt. This, however, with him had always a contrary effect; and twelve men, with lanthorns on poles, having been procured to aid the light of the moon, away went Mytton at the appointed signal being given. The first obstacle was the sunk fence, *into* which, as may be expected, he was landed; but the opposite side being on a gradual slope, from bottom to top, the carriage and its extraordinary inmate, by dint of whipping, were drawn out without receiving injury. Nowise disconcerted, he sent his team at the next fence—the wide drain—and such was the pace he went at, that it was cleared by a yard or more; but the jerk pitched Mytton on the wheeler's back; but crawling over the dashing leather, he resumed his seat, and got his horses again into the proper direction, and taking the two remaining fences in gallant style, got safe into the turnpike road, and pocketed the cash. This occurred at Mr. Walford's,† of Cronkhill, about four miles from Shrewsbury.

* It is stated by a correspondent that the horse I allude to, called *Sportsman*, dropped down dead in his gig, in consequence of his owner having given him a bottle of mulled port wine at Wrexham. I knew the horse well, but cannot vouch for the cause of his death.

† "I knew Mr. Walford, and, for all that I know to the contrary, he is alive to refute or confirm this statement." London (New) Sporting Mag. for April, 1837.

THE CHASE, THE TURF, AND THE ROAD.--By Nimrod.

The popular series of sporting papers contributed by Nimrod to the Quarterly Review, have just been published by Mr. Murray, under the above title. They have been revised and considerably enlarged by the author, and the volume is illustrated with a portrait of Nimrod, by D. Maclise, A. R. A., and a number of characteristic cuts from designs by H. Alken. The three articles of which the work consists, abound in sketches taken by a master in the course of his varied experience in the field, on the turf, and on the road; interspersed with anecdotes of sporting characters, whether as principals or subordinates, from the lordly master of hounds who rides sixteen stone, and spends £4000 a-year on his hunting establishment, to the little bandy-legged jockey who weighs six stone two, and has five guineas if he wins a race, and three if he loses. Having received this most interesting book so late in the month, we regret that we cannot in this number find room for two or three extracts. "*That* is not, however, lost which a friend gets;"—the place which we intended for the Chase, the Turf, and the Road, being occupied by an earlier press-born son of the same father—Nimrod's Life of Mytton. Nimrod's mental produce we consider to be the most likely *things to go* that have appeared this season. Though not exactly alike—non facies una—the similarity in thought and style is such as becomes brother-books—Nimrod's stock are all masculine—and is sufficient to identify them as productions of the same author, even if their paternity had not been avowed. Ib.

THE ORATORICAL TAILOR.--LONDON POLICE.

A tailor from Cork-street, and a young medical man from the same neighborhood, came before the Bench on an assault warrant. To corroborate his case the Doctor was provided with a black eye, and to strengthen his defence the tailor brought with him a green morocco memorandum book and a solicitor.

The case having been called on, the doctor, as complainant, begun—"On Wednesday I went to this person's house"—

Tailor—Wait a minute. I'm not quite prepared—[wippin out his green memorandum-book, and sharpening his pencil]. Now, Sir, proceed.

Doctor.—I called to see a particular friend, upon whom I have been attending professionally; but I was told the gentleman was not at home. I was certain he was within, and I said I would wait in the passage until I saw him, upon which the defendant came out of his shop, insisted on my leaving the house, and ultimately hit me a punch with the handle of his umbrella.

Tailor—Perjury, and I'll prove it—(writing "handle an umbrella"—it was a walking stick.)

Doctor—He then struck me a blow on the face and applied opprobrious epithets.

Magistrate—Did he use more force than was requisite to oblige you to leave the house? Doctor—I think he pushed me further than was necessary.

Tailor!—Ah! Totally false! My whole establishment can prove I did not push him farther than the passage.

Doctor—My nose bleeding, and the maid-servant brought me a washhand basin.

Tailor—Another falsehood (writing) "washhand basin," it was—Ha, ha.

Magistrate—Your conduct is extremely improper, I must request you will conduct yourself with more respect while you are in this office.

Tailor—I offer ten thousand apologies. I never harbored the remotest intention of offering disrespect to the criminal jurisprudence of my country. A highly comic thought having crossed my mind, it caused me to give way to an ebullition of merriment. Am I now permitted to enter on my defence?

Magistrate.—You can proceed.

The tailor here elbowed a passage right and left, and threw himself into a Demosthenic attitude.—"Fortunately," said he, flourishing his green memorandum book, "the strong points are already registered."

It will now only be necessary for me to give a succinct account of this very remarkable transaction. This person did call to see a gentleman staying at my house, and knowing that the indisposition of the gentleman had been brought on by want of skill on the part of the defendant, I determined at all risks to prevent his ingress into the chamber of the invalid. With this view I stationed myself at the third stair, and with my walking stick, assumed an attitude which no prudent man would have ventured to disturb. The defendant insisted on passing. I remonstrated—he attacked me—I defended myself—and, after a short, but desperate combat, succeeded in placing him on his back in the passage. To this simple statement I feel it quite unnecessary to add another syllable (coming forward) to impress on the Bench the right every British subject possesses of ejecting intruders from his house. It is impossible to say another word on the subject (retiring again)—only this (coming forward)—that as an educated person, I consider the use of opprobrious epithets as unfit for a man—improper——

Magistrate—Pray, sir, be quiet.

Tailor—Improper for a gentleman, and disgraceful for a member of——

[The officer here laid hold of the tailor, and stood before him.]

Tailor (peeping under the officer's arm)—Of a civilized community.

The magistrate being of opinion that the complainant ought not to have persisted in remaining in the house, and considering that there was a doubt as to the person who commited the assault, discharged the warrant on the payment of a shilling by the defendant. The Sun.

MR. SAMIVEL VELLER'S COURTSHIP,

WITH OLD VELLER'S OPINION ON MATRIMONY.

Extracted from the Pickwick Papers, and delivered by Mr. Burton, on his benefit night, May 2d, at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia

How are ye, genelfolks? I hopes you're all jolly—
I hates all such parties as is melancholy.
Now you looks nice, as the worthy genelman said,
Ven, von morning he cut off his little boy's head
To cure him o' squinting. You know me well enough?
I'm Samivel Veller, and I'm well up to snuff
And a pinch or two over. All right as a brick,
I'm now in the service of Messrs. Pickwick,
And Snodgrass, and Tupman, and Winkle. Most good
Is my situation. High wages and food,
I've plenty to get, as a soldier once said,
Ven three hundred lashes he vos *ordered*,
And I hopes ve shan't part werry soon yet, my honey,
As a dandy vonce said to his last purse of money.

You've heard of my daddy? the old ancient Veller,
He's a top-booted, shawl-shroaled, big-bellied feller.
He married a vidder vot's turned methodistical;
He's gammoned by shepherds and saints rather twistical.
But the gov'nor, the old un, he drink'd down his sorrow,
And drew up the coach, unconcern'd on the morrow.
For the governor *can* drink—he vants no deduction,
He owns he's a werry good power o' suction.
He'd a made an uncommon fine oyster, I mean,
If born in that station he'd a been.
Vell, the old un, you'd scarcely believe it's reality,
Like Blue Beard, 's the wictim of connubiality.
His vife goes to love feasts and temperance meetings,
And cries, oh, my eyes, at these brotherly greetings.
Her feelings so fine is, I vonder who taught her?
They're forced to ewapporate out in 'ot vater!
I hate sniv'ling vomen, vith their crying and cringing,
Tears von't vind up clocks, nor yet vork a steam ingin'.

I vonce lov'd a maid, and vish'd much to tell her,
I vanted to make her Mrs. Samivel Veller,
Ven the old un said, "Samivel, matrim*onee*
Is the werry worst matter as ever can be.
Ven you're married you'll understand things vot you don't
Understand now, and while single you won't.
But vether or no, as the school boy vonce said,
Ven he'd crammed the alphabet into his head,
Vether it's worth while to go through so much
And larn so little, is a delicate touch."
Says I, "old boy, a vink or a nod is enough!
Though there's von consolation, I am pretty tough,
As a werry old turkey vonce said to the farmer,
Ven he thought that at Christmas he meant to harm her.
So I'll try my luck in this world of strife,
And pick up voe in the shape of a vife.
You know vot the lawyer to the judge said,
Ven the genelman's cause he defended,
Who, venever he got right drunk and jolly,
Beat vith a poker his poor vife, Polly?
Vy, he said this here, vith surprising meekness,
Arter all, my lord, it's a amiable weakness."
"Samivel," said the governor, "vy, tulip, consider,
If marry you must, don't marry a vidder.
Von vidder," says he, with repeated urgins,
"Is a d—d sight worser than twenty virgins.
I married a widder, the Lord forgive me;
I'm the wictim o' gammon, Sammy, believe me.
Ve all have our foibles, as a young man said,
Ven he *biled* in a pipkin his grandmother's head.
Samivel, Samivel," says the old un in grief,
"My bussum's a bursting—you give no relief.
If you're ever so foolish as to vish to marry,
Just vait half an hour, if you longer can't tarry—
Then go to your room, if you've got vun, and *pison*
Yourself right avay, is my hearty advising.
Hanging is wulgar—it's no use getting mad on it,
Pison yourself—you'll be afterwards glad on it."
"Vy, old un," says I, "if it must come to that,
On *pison* I'm thinking no man will grow fat,
So I'll marry first, and if trouble it makes,
I can pison avay in a small brace o' shakes."
In spite o' the old un's parental advice,
I've fixed up my fist in wedlock's hard splice,
For the ladies, Lord love 'em, pray vy should ve flout 'em,
If we don't do vell vith—vy *ve can't do vithout 'em!*
And as on my daddy a march I have stolen it—
Don't tell him—be dumb as a drum with a hole in it. B.

Saturday Courier.

JIM CROW.

We know that the citizens of Cork have not been as yet initiated into the melody of Jim Crow, although its fame has been wafted across the waters, and many heard of it. The title is ludicrous, and the song itself has all the repulsiveness of the meagre nonsense; yet it has roused all England into a pitch of tuneful ardor never perpetrated by the sublime notes of Malibran or Grisi. It has walked the land with rapid strides and impudent head, captivating the entranced listener in voluptuous bondage—and piling gallery upon pit, slips upon pit, slips upon boxes. It was produced at the Surrey, traversed the Adelphi, astounded the gapers at the Strand, crammed the Coburg, and ultimately reached the "Garden."

Mr. James Crow then appeared on the boards of Covent Garden last Monday night, before a crowded house, and more than realized the hopes of a curious audience. This part is comic, and without escaping the vulgar, comes close to the idiotic. He personated the mixed cunning and stupidity of an American nigger, and though nauseous the character of a human being may be when degraded to the caste of a filthy fool, still James Crow mitigates your abhorrence by many touches of low and amiable pleasantries. The song from which he derives his name and celebrity is paltry and vulgar—the air brief and pretty; but it has a feature that belongs to few songs—it is mostly made up of dancing. Half of each verse is chorus, and then all the chorus is motion—so that it is of a compound and really complex character. Mr. Crow's agility in describing the evolutions that the words enjoin—for he addresses himself in the imperative mood "Jump Jim Crow,"—is truly magnificent. He has all the velocity of a dancing master, with the quaint capers of a cleave-boy—the bewitching grace of Douvernay, in partnership with the sylph-like movements of Taglioni. He varies his jumpings to an infinite extent, starting with different steps, and terminating with different positions each verse. Then there are eight verses to the song, and it is encored six times; which draws deeply upon Mr. Crow's ingenuity to vary the pantomime, and re-model the extravagance of this grotesque transaction. And so he does; for each bound he gives is other than the last, which proves that motion is commensurate with space, and of course illimitable. But Mr. Crow sings different songs, and tickles the upper gallery with similar effect in each. This establishes his flexibility, and satiates the gluttonous cravings of a mob, who are sure to gormandize every fun in a new form.

The words Jim Crow are a nom de guerre—the real name of the performer is D. T. Rice. In person he is good looking, but on the stage he is lame—and here he aberrates from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and resembles Lord Howick who is bumble-footed—and observe, nature unkindly afflicts born fools with some co-operative deformity. In name we demonstrate he is a Rice—in birth, we understand, a county Limerick baby, who, it appears, afterwards emigrated to America and forgot his own country—in language he is obscure, ridiculous, yet cunning; in antics he is frisky—in grimace frightful, and in changing positions or shifting sides he is inexhaustible, endless, marvellous, wonderful. Cork Herald.

A Russian official return, states the European population of the Empire at 45,500,000.

FRAUD AND A FOOT RACE.

[From the Charlestown (Va.) Free Press].

The statements contained in the following communication are, we believe, strictly correct. One of the parties engaged in the disgraceful transaction was arrested a few days since, on a charge of defrauding Lang of his money. We were present at the examining Court, and listened to the details of the means employed to effect the scheme of the parties to the race, with an astonishment which staggered our power of belief.

FOOT-RACE.—THE OLD FURNACE AGAINST THE WORLD!

Harper's Ferry, April 23, 1837.

Messrs. Editors.—A foot-race which took place on Monday of last week, between John Peacher, jun., and William Howington, citizens of this neighborhood, upon which an individual bet and lost *eight thousand dollars in cash*, has been an all-engrossing subject of conversation in this community ever since the race, the developments in relation to which are so astounding and extraordinary, that I cannot refrain from communicating some of the particulars. It appears that some time in February last, the match-race was agreed upon between Peacher and Howington, to run from the Old Furnace to Georgetown on the tow-path of the canal, a distance of sixty-two miles. This being made known to an old gentleman in the neighborhood, named James Lang, who had always maintained a fair character for honesty and industry, and who, by a long life of toil and care, had accumulated ten or twelve thousand dollars worth of worldly treasure, he was induced by the persuasions of Peacher, it is said, to make a bet of a few hundred dollars on Howington, the competitor in the race, and placed the stakes in the hands of his friend Peacher, who assured him that he would double his money, as he Peacher, intended to run "booty," and let Howington win the race. Soon came another offer of a bet of several hundred dollars on Peacher, which Lang promptly met by an equal sum on Howington, the stakes again being placed in the hands of Peacher. Another and another bet was offered on Peacher by different individuals, and again and again did Lang meet them, until he had the enormous sum of eight thousand dollars staked upon this petty race; the stakes in every instance being placed in the hands of Peacher. And the sequel proves, too, that the whole of the betting was carried on by the funds of Lang; Peacher handing over the stakes, as fast as they came into his hands, to his cronies, in order that they might draw further bets from Lang.

The day of the race arrived, and the parties started; Howington, a Vermonter by birth, aged about 55 years, and Peacher, a native of this county, aged about 25 years; the former having been an old soldier, and famous for his long matches and good bottom; the young nag never having been tried for bottom, but known to be as fleet as a greyhound, and wind most excellent. The old nag did his best, but all would not do; he soon lamed, and finally let down at the distance of forty-eight miles; the young nag eight miles ahead, and still "going it" under a heavy pull, accomplishing the whole distance in about twelve hours, and distancing his competitor. And thus poor Lang, instead of realizing a gain of eight thousand dollars, and coming in possession of sixteen thousand dollars, realized *a loss of eight thousand dollars!* This race may fairly be considered a counterpoise to the celebrated Long Island race, between the noted horses Henry and Eclipse. As a pedestrian, Mr. Peacher may now be fairly considered without a rival.

The sympathy of the community is strong for Lang, (if sympathy can properly be said to exist for either), and nothing but indignation felt towards Peacher. It is believed that Lang was induced by the persuasions of Peacher, who had deliberately formed the plan to deprive him of his money, to fall from his high estate and enter into a scheme calculated to defraud a whole community. The result proves that "honesty is the best policy," for while Lang has lost his money, Peacher has become as "gilded loam or painted clay."

A FRIEND OF THE TURF.

SALMON FISHING A L'IRLANDAISE.

"The land that gave Patrick his birth" has ever borne the bell for fun and frolic. Only give them something to employ the molares and a drain of speerits, and there shall not be a heartache from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear.—For the future the claim to be the merriest spot on earth's surface must be extended, and men admit that its spirit mingles itself with the waters under the earth. For this latter the following *historiette* shall be their authority.

On a fine day, towards the end of last autumn, a gentleman chanced to be walking on the road that leads from Tralee to Kilkenny. About seven miles from the former town, the road crosses the river Maine. Here, as he paused for an instant upon the bridge, his attention was attracted by a fisherman who had just hooked a salmon. He was a stalwart fish, and after a resolute tussle, effected his lucky with the fly attached to his gills. At this part of the performance, the fisher has done his devoir, his little white terrier succeeding to the scene. Into the limpid dashed Pincher, and such a row as forthwith sprung up, would have astonished all Sadler's Wells. Tackling scaly by the jowl, he was speedily grass'd [or rather gravelled] by a douse of the monster's tail. Still, resolute as it was, there was about it all the rational *bonhommie* of the duello. One should see Irish men and things in combat to learn the distinction between doing battle, and, in their vernacular, "taking a fight." A hole under one of the arches of the bridge was the ring upon this occasion. It was a right noble sight to see the fisher poising a stone which in an instant would have made his prey company for lobster-sauce, but disclaiming to avail himself of the dirty advantage. To it they stuck lively as larks at sunrise. "Bow, wow, wow," shouted Colley. "Hiss, hiss, flap," retorted Scales. Never was there a better contested match, the salmon, as the man of hook and fly declared, "holding out longer as he had a fin to stand upon." The prize was enough for one day: there was no need of another fish, and proudly the little dog wagged his tail as his master, lifting the departed salmon from the stream, and opening his pannier, "laid him alone in his glory." London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for April, 1837.

EXPEDIENT OF A NEEDY TRAVELLER.—We have heard the story of an English half-pay officer living at Florence, much in debt, and desirous to get to England, but unable to procure his passport, without which he could not be permitted to depart, on account of the interference of his creditors. He one day, in a coffee-house, fell to abusing the Grand Duke in very outrageous terms, in consequence of which he was next day conducted to the Tuscan frontier by a police officer. The following expedient, related by a London paper, is much less obvious and more ingenious:—

John Kilburn, a person well known on the turf, as list seller, &c., was in a town in Bedfordshire, and as a turf phrase is, "quite broken down." It was during harvest, and the week before Richmond races, (Yorkshire,) whither he was travelling, and near which place he was born; to arrive there in time he hit upon the following expedient:—He applies to an acquaintance of his, a blacksmith, to stamp on a padlock the words "Richmond gaol," with which, and a chain fixed to one of his legs, he composedly went into a cornfield to sleep. As he expected, he was soon apprehended, and taken before a magistrate, who, after some deliberation, ordered two constables to guard him to Richmond; no time was to be lost, for Kilburn said he had not been tried, and hoped they would not let him lay till another assize. The constables, on their arrival at the gaol, accosted the gaoler with, "Sir, do you know this man?" "Yes, very well: it is Kilburn; I have known him for many years." "We suppose he has broken out of your gaol, as he has a chain and padlock on with your mark; is he not a prisoner?" "I never heard any harm of him in my life." "Nor," says Kilburn, "have these gentlemen, sir; they have been so kind as to bring me out of Bedfordshire, and I will not put them to further inconvenience. I have got the key of the padlock, and I will not trouble them to unlock it; I am obliged to them for their kind behavior." He travelled this way about 170 miles.

NEWS! NEWS!—We are asked an innumerable number of times in the course of a day—"What is the news?" In answer we give the following, received at the Boston Transcript Office, BY EXPRESS."

The mammoth steamboat Leviathan, eleven hundred and seventy-six tons burthen has arrived to New-York from Liverpool, in the unprecedented passage of seven days and twenty-three hours from land to land. Her speed was so great when she got fairly under way, that Captain Whale was compelled to bring the pilot with him, not being able to stop the boat in time to put him on board the pilot cutter, until the steamer had nearly crossed the Atlantic. The boat made excellent weather, and has consumed only nine chaldrons of coals.—She brought two hundred and ten cabin passengers, and five hundred and fifty-three in the steerage. Amongst the former we notice the names of Bulwer the novelist; the celebrated Paganini; James Crow Rice, Esq.; Lord John Russell; Mr. O'Connell, son of the Agitator; Miss Cobbett, daughter of William Cobbett; the Duke of Montrose; the Earl of Warwickshire; Miss Landon; (L. E. L.); Mr. Cruikshanks, the caricaturist; the famous book publisher, Mr. Murray; Mr. Lockhart; Thomas Moore, the bard of Ireland, and a dozen other equally celebrated personages whose names we have not time to mention now. The arrival of the Leviathan has created a tremendous sensation at New York, and occasions even more conversation than the great failures, which continue to be announced almost hourly, and threaten total paralysis to the commerce of the city. The Leviathan brings a report, received at Liverpool by Express, at the moment she was departing, that the Bank of England had failed.—We think it highly probable that the arrival of so many of the nobility and other distinguished personages in this country, has some connection with this lamentable event, which must revolutionize the Government of Great Britain.

"Think of that Master Brook!"

GAMBLING.—In 1799 enormous sums were lost and won at Brooke's. That year no fewer than four pigeons made their appearance in London, so well feathered, that it was supposed their united fortunes were not much less than 2,000,000*l*. In less than twelve months neither of them had a farthing. One of them, a young nobleman, was obliged within a year of his *debut*, to borrow eighteen pence of the waiter to pay for the carriage of a present of game, which had been sent to him by a friend from the country, who was unacquainted with his altered pecuniary circumstances.

WHAT IS THE WORLD COMING TO!—They are about laying out a village in the State of Michigan, to be called "East-Hallelujah!"

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 13, 1837.

SUMMARY OF FOREIGN NEWS.

The Liverpool packet of the 8th April, the *United States*, brings us dates to her day of sailing, from which we make the extracts below, which will be read with interest.

LATEST STATE OF THE ODDS.

Trials, rumors of lameness, and the near approach of the Newmarket Meeting, have combined to increase the interest of the business transacted at "the corner" since our last publication. To "begin at the beginning," we should first notice the *Riddlesworth*, for which Lord Jersey, as usual, is first favorite. The speculation on it, however, is very trifling; 6 to 4 is currently offered against his Lordship's colt—the only one mentioned at a definite price. Two or three parties have inquired the odds about *Garcia*, but nothing has been done which will enable us to make a quotation. The 2,000 *Guinea Stakes*, likely enough, we should say, to prove the most important of all the Spring races at Newmarket, was mentioned on Monday previous to the *Jereed* movement, and 50 to 20 taken that he wins it, p. p. The layer was thought to have made a safe bet, but Thursday's business proved that it was not quite so good a thing as was contemplated at the time. Taking the *Portland Handicap* in order, we shall confine ourselves to the betting on Thursday, nothing material having been done on Monday. *Hock* retains his position, but his supporters are far from being so sweet on him as they were ten days ago; on the other hand, *Locomotive* and *Birdlime*, (now at Newmarket), have considerably increased in favor, and are only nominally behind Hock in general estimation. *Elis* was backed at 7 to 1 on Monday, went lame after a gallop a day or two after, and now figures at 15 to 1—ten points less than were betted in the early part of Thursday afternoon. We understand that his lameness is not likely to be of a permanent character, and that it is not impossible that he may be got "fit" in time for the race—Nothing has transpired as to *Venison's* going for it, nor can we quote any odds against him, no reply having been made to an offer on Thursday to take 15 to 1. *Airy* and *Jacob Faithful* have been backed in two or three quarters, but do not improve.

The Derby.—A reference to the table of prices will show a marked difference in those quoted against *Jereed* in the two days. On Monday it was reported that he was amiss, and had not been seen out for some days. This obtained general credence, and he speedily dropped down from 6 to 8½ to 1, without a soul to back him. *Benedict* rose a couple of points, every body appearing eager to back him, and none against him. *Brother to Bay Middleton* was also in better odor, and *Mango* without being named at any fixed price, was evidently on the rise. *Sambo* was backed in good quarters at 40 to 1, and the same odds taken to a poney about *Defender*, which poney would have been increased to a "rouleau," had the layer of the odds been agreeable. *Caravan* seemed to be on the "go," and *Wintonian's* descent was so rapid that 30 to 1 was repeatedly offered against him at the latter part of the afternoon. *Troilus* and *Dardanelles* were comprehended in the general movement, in which the "bears" had it all their own way. On Thursday there was a reaction. Jereed opened at 8 to 1 offered. This was refused at first, but eventually his party rallied, and proved that he cannot be seriously amiss by taking 7 to 1 freely. Benedict was backed at 9 to 1 for fifty pounds—all that could be got on at that price; subsequently 8 to 1 was the highest offer. 9 to 1 was offered against Brother to Bay Middleton, and there can be little doubt that a point more could have been obtained, had there been any real disposition to back him. The same timidity observable in the layers of odds with respect to Benedict characterises the betting against Mango. For some time past several parties have endeavored to lay out their money on him, and like Benedict, he has been gradually advancing at the "small expense" of an occasional poney of fifty. On Thursday, so shy were the two or three who are inclined to lay against him, that a pretty strong commission was executed as low as 11 to 1, and even these odds were not obtainable at the close.—*Mahometan* has improved a point, and is backed by those who were unlucky enough to bet against him originally; nor is the grey (*Pocket Hercules*) entirely friendless, although he sticks at the old price. *Rocco's* advance is rather singular, as very little money has been laid out of late. The outsiders most in demand at present are, Mickle Fell, Sambo, Norgrove, Bequest, Brother to Margrave, Quicksilver, and Pocket Hercules.

Bell's Life in London.

Match against Time.—On Tuesday week a trotting match against time, by a mare belonging to Mr. Montgomery, of Larne, to trot in a gig, with two persons, from Doagh to Belfast Post-office—eight miles and a half in 45 minutes—for a bet of £50 aside, came off before a large concourse of spectators. After accomplishing about seven miles in excellent sporting style, the mare gave in about a mile and a half from town, and was pulled up. The match excited great interest, and considerable sums changed hands on this occasion.

Trotting Match, 100 Miles.—On Friday, Mr. John Neal, of the Old Kent Road, undertook to trot his mare 100 miles in twelve hours, on Sunbury Common. The match was for 50*l.* aside, the backers of time being Messrs. H. England and J. Bacon. A vast number of persons assembled to witness the trotting of the mare, as much curiosity had been excited about her, it being stated that she was bought by her owner from a hackney cab, for 12*l.* The mare did 50 miles in 5 hours, in excellent style, and continued on till the 90th mile, when she completely broke down. She did this distance in ten hours and a half.

York Spring Meeting, 1840.—Mr. Kirby, of York, the celebrated breeder of blood stock, and owner of Muley Moloch, has generously offered to give 25 sovs. to be added to a two year old stake, to be run for by the produce of mares by that horse—to run at York Spring Meeting, 1840. We believe there are already several nominations declared for the stake, which have been made to Mr. Orton, the Secretary to the York Race committee.

Trotting Match.—A four mile match, against time, for 50*l.*, came off on Thursday on the Romford road. A bay mare (American), about 15 hands high, the property of Mr. Pardy, of Southampton-mews, Russell-square, was backed to do the distance in saddle in 14 minutes. Betting 5 and 6 to 4 against time, in consequence of the mare being known to be too eager until tamed by distance. The parties met at Mr. Reeves', Stratford, and proceeded to the 7th mile-stone, from whence the mare started, ridden by her owner. In the first mile she was hot and unsteady, and broke four times; this mile occupied four minutes. She now settled into a great pace, and did with apparent ease the last three miles, in nine minutes, without one break, thus winning with one minute to spare. The mare, we understand, can be matched to do 18 miles within the hour, or 100 in nine and a half.

Racing [*very*] Extraordinary.—A match, long pending between Mr. Cox, of the Ram Inn, Northampton, and Mr. Stevenson, of that town, at length came off. Mr. Cox betted Mr. Stevenson 10 to 2 that he (Mr. Stevenson) could not produce in England a donkey that would gallop a mile without breaking; Mr. Stevenson, who has a keen eye on these occasions, thought the character of the Jerusalem pony injured by such an assertion; he, after a wearisome search, found an animal belonging to Mr. J. Peach, of Northampton, and undertook to ride the match. At half past 12 the adventurous Mr. Stevenson started from a spot about 500 yards on the other side of the turnpike of the Ketting-road; the winning post being the Old Bantam Cock Inn. The day was propitious, but, alas! the donkey was perwerse; first it turned up a lane by the turnpike, where it had evidently no business public or private; and secondly, after regaining the road, it made a pretence of good behavior until within 400 yards of home, and the demoniacal donkey! it threw its rider; performed a variety of evolutions, after the manner of the animals at Ducrow's, and, of course, occasioned Mr. Stevenson to lose his match. A large meeting, at the George, participated in the fun, and it is due to Mr. Stevenson to say, that he was not the least merry of the group.

Extraordinary Leap.—The strongest and apparently the most impassable barrier which was experienced in the late Louth steeple chace was a newly plashed hedge, placed upon a lofty bank, with a broad ditch on either side, and was the first fence immediately after turning the extreme flag in a piece called Hungry Spot. In the line selected by Mr. Evison on Maid Martin (the property of Mr. Barhilt), it was most gallantly, but most indiscreetly, charged at a place which measured eight feet from the ground, and it was cleared without touching a twig. The distance from the mare's leaving the ground to her alighting, was found to be, by a careful admeasurement, thirty-three feet!

A match of riding and driving two miles, took place this week, near St. Albans between Mr. Norris's *Taglioni* and Mr. Bates's *Olympia*, which was won by the latter. Both men are butchers, and are rivals in horse flesh as well as ox-flesh, in the town of St. Albans, where they are both well known and respected. The stakes are to be given up to-morrow evening, after a sporting supper, at the Peahen.

The stallion *Cadland* (a Derby winner) died some time since in France.

Locomotive arrived at Foster's stables, at Newmarket, yesterday week, and *Birdlime* at Beresford's on Wednesday.

Earl Jersey has sold *Bay Middleton* to Lord G. H. Bentinck, for 4,000 guineas, with the condition, we believe, that in case the latter Nobleman should determine on reselling, the Earl is to have the refusal.

Mr. Kirby has purchased of the assignees of Mr. Ridsdale thirty-two loose and thirty one acres of grass land, at Murton, near York, for the accommodation of some of the mares (already upwards of forty) sent to *Muley Moloch*.

Pigeon Shooting.—On Friday the inclosure at the Red House Tavern, Battersea, was attended by the lovers of the trigger, to witness the shooting for the Silver Chased Cup and Cover. Nineteen of the best shots contended for it, at nine pigeons each; ten gentlemen shooting at 21, and the rest at 24 yards. At the termination of the fifth there were five ties. Mr. Johnson was the winner, by killing all his birds.

The Lord Chamberlain's license has been obtained to extend the performances at the Theatre Royal Haymarket to ten months; this extension places it beyond the winter theatres. George Robins is deputed by Mr. Morris to sell or let this favorite source of entertainment.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Walking Match—Tooting.—A lad named W. Walsh, about 16 years of age, was backed to walk, for the sum of 10*l.*, seven miles in one hour and a quarter. On Monday, March 27, the match came off at Tooting; the betting previous to starting was 2 and 3 to 1 against the performance. The lad started precisely at four o'clock, and completed the distance as follows:—

First mile in	9	minutes.
Second mile in	10	do
Third mile in	9¼	do
Fourth mile in	10½	do
Fifth mile in	10	do
Sixth mile in	10½	do
Seventh mile in	10½	do

Thus performing his task in 70¼ minutes, having 4¾ minutes to spare. At the second and fifth mile he partook of a glass of sherry; and at the conclusion declared he was able and willing to go the ground over again. During the first three miles, 10 to 2 was betted several times against the distance being done in the time. A correspondent observes, "I consider him as fair a walker as Fuller;" and he can be backed against any one of his age.

The 500 Miles Pedestrian Match.—The preliminaries for this match, in which it is proposed to match a Manchester man to go 500 miles against Townshend, are to be arranged after the completion of the 300-stone match.

Shooting.—A meeting took place at the Red House on Friday, to shoot for a silver cup, value 10*l.* It was to have been contended for by 20 subscribers, but 19 coming to the scratch, the affair came off. We have no space for further particulars than these:—The distance was 22 yards from the trap for "every body's," and 25 for known men. The cup was won by Mr. Taylor, one of, if not the best, shots in England. We give the shooting of four gentlemen, all at 25 yards. Nine birds each.

Mr. Taylor..... (winner)	9	Mr. Jingle	8
Mr. Groom	8	Mr. Toby	8

The frost was so severe at Newmarket on Friday morning, that the horses could not gallop until eleven o'clock.

Teetotalism against Porter.—A rather extraordinary kind of race came off on the evening of Saturday week, for 5*l.*, at the Unicorn Inn, Church-street, Manchester, between a professional teetotaller, named Hoffman, and a porter merchant, both residing not one hundred miles from Piccadilly. The race, which has been pending for some time, was—to go twenty times each from the bar, up two pair of stairs (about forty steps), through a lobby and room, and back, each time touching a pillar in the bar. The teetotaller having lost the toss, had to start first. He commenced, and ran it in twelve minutes and thirty seconds.—The betting was two to one on him—great odds against the porter-merchant, out of Puff; but on stripping and running a few times, the odds became even, having gone off in good style, which he maintained, and won in one minute and 45 seconds under the time of his opponent. Both parties are sixty years of age.

A few evenings ago, the Royal party at Windsor were dispersed in various parts of the drawing-room, and Earl Howe happened to be playing a rubber at one end of it. His Majesty, who was quietly turning a quid, was sitting, as is his custom, with his feet upon the hob, when he heard the following exclamation—"Why I declare this is the fourth time Earl Howe has turned up the Queen this evening." "Has he, by G—d," exclaimed William, starting from his reverie, "then it's time for me to interfere." This of course led to an explanation, and the matter dropped.

SMITH VS. THE WIDDER.

She's fair as a lump of best ninepenny white,
With hair of the tint of choice fourpenny brown;
Her teeth are like sugar-lumps—eyes candy bright,
With lips like molasses her beauty to crown!

It appears that by the new Poor-law, widows receiving relief at a distance must come and show themselves. *The* Duchess declares that any woman being a widow is *prima facie* evidence of her wanting relief, and that coming to show is quite a superfluous piece of business, putting the indelicacy of the proceeding altogether out of the question.

We have authority to contradict a statement in the Daily Papers, of a duel having taken place at Melton Mowbray, in which the Earl of Wilton acted as one of the seconds.

If we are to judge from the fidgetty condition of the elderly gentlemen who occupy the stalls to gaze at Duvernay in her Spanish dance, they are subject to peculiar sensations during her performance. She certainly is rather lightly clad, but the exertion she has to undergo may require it. The Marquis of Wellesley is one of the most intent on her movements, and quite forgets that Moll Raffles ever existed. In one of his familiar epistles to Lord Brougham he wrote the following:—

They tell me Duvernay, and doubtless 'tis true,
To keep herself cool wears but scanty attire;
But here lies the mischief, a shameful one too,
While cooling herself she sets me all on fire.

Mr. and Mrs. Norton, it is mutually arranged, are to resume bed and board under the same roof; the lady promising not to admit in future the wolf in *Lamb's* clothing.

Poor Sergeant Adams, in the course of his nomination speech at Warwick, was repeatedly called on by the mob to "cut it short." "Cut it short!" exclaimed the man of law, "cut what short?" "Your nonsense," roared a hundred voices at once. "Well, I admire that," indignantly remarked the learned gentleman. "Do you?" cried an elector; "that's more than any body else does!"

The Duchess of St. Albans read an account in one of the papers last week, of a very interesting exhibition at a charity-school, where the children were all *figged* out in their best. "*Figged out*, indeed," cried her Grace indignantly; "the exhibition must have been indecent. Adam and Eve were *figged out*, and we all know what they looked like."

During Londonderry's visit to St. Petersburgh, the Czar directed the frequent performance of the far-famed Russian *horn* band, for the amusement of the noble Marquis, who appeared to take immense delight in the species of harmony produced by an union of these unseemly organs. The Marchioness, it is said, was chiefly *instrumental* in this honor being paid to her noble husband.

A FOOL! A FOOL!

Peel lays it down as an unerring rule
That every silent member is a fool.
If so, poor Twiss, whose tongue's at endless war,
Is not the fool we've always ta'en him for.

"It is the privilege of a plaintiff to be heard," observed Corporal Adams in one of his nonsense-harangues at Warwick, the other day. "Yes," rejoined Parkes, "but we happen to be all *deaf*-endants here, when you address the Jury."

At the dinner given by the Dowager Lady *Cork*, the other day, the *glass* is said to have circulated so freely that General Monckton was heard to declare they had *reached* the last bottle. "What!" exclaimed the Dowager, "*sick* of my wine?" "No, my dear aunt," rejoined the General, "your wine is sick of us, for not another drop is to be found in the cellar." The Countess looked daggers.

An Eventful Life.—A memoir was read at a recent session of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, detailing some curious facts in the life of a man who was buried alive. M. Morel was a Lieutenant in the army of Egypt, and at the memorable battle of St. Jean d'Acre, he had both his thighs broken by a grape shot. When he had nearly recovered from the effects of his wound, he was attacked with the plague, and conveyed to the hospital, where he grew worse rapidly—lost all sensation, was pronounced dead, and with a number of corpses of those who had died of the same disease, he was thrown into a ditch. Soon after one of the soldiers on guard in that vicinity, was much astonished at seeing one of the dead men standing bolt upright! He hastened to his assistance, and Morel was again conveyed to the hospital. In a few days after he was again attacked with a fit of lethargy, and believed to be dead. This time he was wrapped in a linen cloth, and buried in the sand. In the night, a high wind arose, which displaced the sand which covered his body—and caused the unfortunate man to awake. He tore off his winding sheet, and crept towards the hospital, where he remained a long time before he recovered his general health—but he did not recover the faculties of speech or hearing until several years after he entered the Hospital of Invalids at Avignon. He is now sixty-seven years old, and has the aspect of a decrepid old woman, being hardly able to walk.

At Greenwich fair on Monday, one of the showmen outside a Caravan called public attention to a most singular exhibition, being nothing less than "a man running about upon five feet." Large crowds entered the show to see this prodigy, when the showman introduced *himself* as the curiosity. Upon his being remonstrated with by his dupes, he replied, "It's no deception, I said you'd see a man running about upon five feet, and don't I *run about upon five feet and a few odd inches?*"

A powerful sensation has been created among the Manchester Methodists, in consequence of a preacher of the sect, the Rev. Thomas Walker, having been accused of entering a house of ill-fame in company with a female of doubtful character, or rather one of whose character there could be no doubt at all. It seems that the rev. gentleman was watched by a "brother in the Lord," who saw him go into the house, and scandalized at his frailty, afterwards felt it his duty to bring the conduct of the erring preacher before the district meeting. The Rev. Mr. Walker attempted to vindicate his reputation, by alleging that, "being troubled with corns, he was in search of a corn-doctor." But even the Methodists could not swallow this.

A Sunday journal, in speaking of Mr. Inglis's Spain, observes, "Mr. Inglis is one of the most entertaining travellers of modern times. He went to that bourne from which no traveller returns in 1835." For our parts we see nothing *entertaining* in such a journey as this; but there is no accounting for tastes.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

Drury-Lane.—At this house, although we had no novelty, in the sterling merits of Mr. Forrest, in the part of Richard the Third, there was sufficient to command a very crowded audience.

Covent-Garden.—The tragedy of King John was performed here on Monday night. Macready, who has resumed his station as first tragedian, sustained the principal part with his accustomed ability. He imparts to it an air of lofty grandeur that few others ever attempt to give; but we confess there are many parts in which we should prefer seeing Mr. Macready to this, which affords too little scope for the development of his great and peculiar energies. Vandenhoff appeared as Faulconbridge, and made us more than ever regret Charles Kemble's secession from the stage—in this character, at least, we "shall not look upon his like again." Vandenhoff played it carefully, but still coldly, perpetually forcing us to contrast the tameness of his deportment with the gallant, chivalrous bearing of his predecessor. Miss H. Faucit was the Lady Constance, and exhibited, as we thought, an improvement in her style of acting the part since we last saw her. The tragedy, on the whole, was fairly acted, though without any pretension to striking effect.

Mrs. Wood made her appearance at Drury-Lane theatre on Friday evening, before a house about as full as it well could be. The opera selected for the occasion was the very trying one of *La Sonnambula*, in which she had not merely to sustain her own great reputation, but to combat with the impressions left behind by, perhaps, a greater. She passed through the ordeal, as we imagined she would, with complete success, and may be said to have achieved her greatest triumph. Mrs. Wood is a singer of whom any country may be proud; and, above all, the country she belongs to, which is not particularly famous for the production of musical genii.

The music of this opera is of so fascinating a character, that an ordinary female singer is tolerably certain of carrying the audience along with her; but where the talent of the prima donna approaches to eminence, the effects must be proportionately great. In the more subdued and gentle passages with which the part abounds, Mrs. Wood imparted less of *naiveté* than we have been accustomed to—which is a difference, but certainly not a fault; while in the more heroic portions of both music and dialogue, she equalled any attempt we have witnessed. Her powers peculiarly shone forth in the finales to the second and third acts, where she obtained, and most justly, as much enthusiastic applause as we remember to have heard bestowed on any public performer. Mrs. Wood is looking better, and singing better, and in fact is equally beautiful and wonderful in each respect.

It is invidious, and quite unnecessary to enter into any comparison between the exertions of Mrs. Wood and the charmer who was thought to have made *La Sonnambula* her exclusive property. The sad destiny of the mighty songstress of the south has left the possession of the character open to competition; and Mrs. Wood has at once proved that "none but herself can be her parallel." It is impossible to name any other living singer by the side of Mrs. Wood, saving Grisi; and with her she may fairly contest the palm of excellence. She was called before the audience twice during the evening, and welcomed by them as genius of her high order ever should be welcomed. She repeats the character, we perceive, on Tuesday next, and will undoubtedly draw the whole town after her.

Age, April 2.

Bunn takes his benefit to-morrow week, April 10, on which occasion Mrs. Wood appears in the *Maid of Artois*, for the *first* time; and Mademoiselle Duvernay in the *Devil on Two Sticks*, for the *last* time.

Drury-Lane.—The re-appearance of Mrs. Wood in the Sonnambula, on Friday, attracted by far the most fashionable audience of the season. The theatre was in every part crowded, and the utmost attention was manifested throughout the performance.

The fact of Mrs. Wood making choice of the character of *Amina* for her re-appearance in London, is indicative of the possession on her part of a greater degree of boldness than judgment, for she proved most indisputably—nay, she apparently labored to prove—by her performance on Friday—that she lacks the possession of those qualities that are essential to the developement of a character in which delicacy and innocence are required to be pourtrayed. No refinement, no nature, no intellect, marked her performance of *Amina*; its characteristic was coarseness. Instead of the portrayal of that perfect simplicity which imparts so powerful a charm to the character, and readers its character so delightfully interesting, Mrs. Wood, losing sight altogether of propriety, presented us with a high-toned elevated heroine, from whom the simple *Elvino* must naturally have shrunk. It is impossible for us to avoid recollecting poor Malibran's performance of the lovely *Amina* while noticing that of Mrs. Wood. What a charm she threw around the character!—how perfect was the picture she drew of a creature made up of tenderness, unaffected simplicity, innocence, and love! Look at Grisi's portrayal of *Amina*. With what gentle sweetness and natural grace is her performance of the character marked!—nay, even look at *Amina* in Miss Romer's hands, and pure gentleness, interesting simplicity, and ease, form her characteristics. But in the hands of Mrs. Wood, she is a bold, artificial, coarse, masculine creature, whose gestures remind one of a peasant girl conceiving herself fit to become an immense tragic actress.

There was not a particle of the performance of Mrs. Wood that we could admire, although we witnessed it with certainly the most sincere disposition to be delighted. It was a failure, an unquestionable failure, throughout, but her efforts in the last scene were singularly outrageous—her squall and convulsed laugh on her recognising *Elvino* with open arms, on awaking from her dream, was of a character particularly Coburgian. No improvement whatever is perceptible in Mrs. Wood's voice. It has increased in *strength*; but we have power without sweetness—brilliancy without grace. The opera was, nevertheless, announced for repetition amidst boisterous applause.

Satirist, April 2.

Covent Garden.—Macready re-appeared here on Monday in the character of *King John*, and performed with, *at least*, all his wonted ability. Vandenhoff was the *Faulconbridge*, but with all his studied efforts to imitate Charles Kemble, he failed to pourtray the *Faulconbridge* of Shakspeare.

Ib.

St. James's.—This house being one of the favored number to which the extended license has been granted, resumed its new season on Easter Monday. Braham, resolved not to be out-rivalled in the race for public favor, produced another novelty, in addition to two pieces of established repute. The entertainments commenced with The Postillion, after which followed a serious burletta in two acts, entitled "Mabel's Curse." The drama is by Mrs. S. C. Hall, the music by Mrs. A'Beckett. The period is that of the Commonwealth, which has supplied such abundant *materiel* to the novelist and the dramatist, as well as the historian. The principal parts were well acted by Hollingsworth, Bennett, Harley, Miss Allison, and Miss P. Horton; the latter lady making her first appearance here this season, met with a most cordial reception. We cannot speak very favorably of Mabel's Curse as an acting drama, though the story is not deficient of those striking situations which are so essential to stage effect.

Adelphi.—The extended season commenced on Monday, with a drama, translated by Mr. Buckstone, partly from a French piece, and partly made up from the incidents of a ballet, entitled *La Fille du Danube*; he has changed the title, however, to that of *King of the Danube, or the Water Lily*. Coralie, the water lily (Mrs. Honey), is to be married to Toby (Buckstone), at least, so say the guardians of the said lily. However, Baron Von Rumgrigg (Mr. J. Reeve) steps in, puts Toby's nose out of joint, and has the same operation performed upon his own by Frazel (Mr. Hemming); the latter is, of course, the lady's choice. As a mere fairy spectacle, it does not call for criticism: it is produced with all the splendor Yates lavishes on these pieces. Mrs. Honey looked very lovely as Coralie, and Buckstone and Reeve were very amusing as her eccentric suitors; moreover, the Danube (its first appearance at this theatre) was received with plaudits that might have satisfied the Ohio or Mississippi.

Olympic.—The extended season commenced on Monday last with a grand scenic burletta called "The Rape of the Lock," founded on Pope's celebrated poem of the same name. The plot and incidents adhere, with little deviation, to those of the original; indeed, too much so for dramatic effect.

Garrick.—This theatre re-opened for a summer season on Monday night. There were four new pieces performed, viz., the Black Watch, One Tree Hill, Old and Young Tailors, and Eli Ben Ezrah.

City of London.—Monday night, amidst the host of theatrical novelties to which it gave birth, witnessed the opening of a new theatre in the somewhat unclassical region of Norton Falgate. Notwithstanding this unfavorable accident of its locality, we were agreeably surprised to find a very neat little theatre, fitted up with great attention to comfort, and even elegance. The performances commenced with a new burletta, written by Mr. Stirling, in three acts, called The Pickwick Club, or the Age We Live In, founded on some of the most striking incidents in the celebrated papers from which it takes its name—it was decidedly and deservedly successful. The characters were respectably sustained. Mr. Wilkinson, an old favorite at the Adelphi theatre, played the part of Sam Weller with uncommon success. Mr. E. Macarthy as Alfred Jingle, and Mr. Williams as the complaisant Mr. Pickwick, were also excellent performances.

Astley's.—A splendid spectacle, called *The Lists of Ashley*, attracted the holiday folks to this establishment on Monday last. It is scarcely necessary to state that it has been got up with great splendor.

New Strand.—This theatre opened for the season on Monday with a new burletta by Jerrold,—*The Gallantee Showman, or Mr. Peppercorn at Home*. It is not one of his happiest hits, but still deserving of praise. It abounds with laughable situations and perplexities, such as cannot fail to excite the risible faculties to an alarming extent. It was exceedingly well acted by Mrs. Stirling, Miss Daly, Hammond, Hall, and Lee.

Surrey.—*Jack's Alive, or the Jacobites of* 1745, a nautical drama, by George Soane, was produced here on Monday, and was successful. It is cleverly written, and abounds with interesting situations.

Victoria.—A nautical drama was also served up at this establishment, entitled *Breakers Ahead*; it is written by Haines, and is well calculated to please the million, who "choose by show."

Sporting Intelligence.

SPRING MEETINGS AT THE NORTH.

The Spring Meeting at *Camden*, opposite Philadelphia, will be uncommonly attractive. It commences on Tuesday week, and will be succeeded by the 2d Meeting on the *Union Course*, and the week following by the same at *Trenton*. Mingo, Fanny Wyatt, Gypsey, African, Cadmus, Tarquin, Tom Moore, Veto, and lots of others will "show" probably at Camden, in addition to the "cracks" of Maryland and the Old Dominion, who are coming North in great force.—Next week we shall know "to a dot" what will be there and what Southern stables may be expected at the second meeting on the Island. Every body will be at Trenton, the following week, and, if in addition to the others, Col. HAMPTON sends us a string from South Carolina, nothing but tip-tops stand any chance of making expences.

Kendall Course Races.—The Spring meeting commenced on Tuesday last, and Mr. MILLER, the Secretary, will probably furnish us with a report for next Saturday's paper. Several Northern turfmen were to be there, though few stables have gone. The meeting promises to be an interesting one, if we may judge from the following paragraph in the Baltimore Chronicle of Tuesday:—

Kendall Course Races.—The races commence *this day*, over this beautiful Course, near Canton. There will be two races, and we are advised that the contest will be interesting, as the result is doubtful.

The stables are filled, and there are several nags "unknown to fame," who will make their *debut* during the week, and if they do not win victories, they will certainly gain laurels. The "Napoleon of the Turf"—WM. R. JOHNSON—has brought on a string, as the stable boys say, one for each day; first is *Argyle*, who has not been beaten this Spring—then is *Boston*, that struck terror in the ranks of those that bet against him last week at Washington—and then he has two or three others to win what those named do or cannot. Col. Thompson is there with *Isaac of York*, *Omega*, and two or three other beautiful ones.—General Emory, of our own State, will throw dust in the eyes of some of them, with *Lady Clifden*, who is said to be as "fine as silk" and he has besides two other real Eastern Shore colts, that are as tough as "pine knots." And then, there are the stables of Messrs. C. Thompson, Stratton, Boyce, Wallace, Stockett, Potter, and "last not least," the stable of the proprietor himself, Mr. Kendall, in which is *Camsidel*, that will take all the "go along" out of those that go in for the four mile day. The sport will be rare, and those who are fond of the sports of the turf and do not attend, will miss many a fine race.

P.S. On Friday morning we received a letter from a turfman at Baltimore, containing the result of the two races on the 1st day.

TUESDAY, May 9, 1837.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds. Colts 86 lbs., fillies 83 lbs. Sub. $300 each, h. ft. Mile heats. Six subs.

Jas. B. Kendall's br. c. *Henry A. Wise*, by Dick Dashall, out of Robin Hood's dam, by Hickory 1 1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Walter Livingston's) b. f. by Nullifier, out of Jemima 3 2
Col. Francis Thompson's gr. f. *Omega*, by Timoleon, out of Dazie Cropper 2 3
Time, 1:54—1:53. Won handily. The nominations of Col. Heth, O. P. Hare, and Jacob Dixon paid forfeit.

SAME DAY, *Second Race.*—Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 yrs. old, (wts. as before,) bred or owned in Maryland, or as far South as the Rappahannock. Sub. $100 each, $50 ft. Mile heats. Three subs.

Dr. Robt. Fergusson's b. c. by Timoleon, out of Club 1 1
Gen. Thomas Emory's b. c. by Maryland Eclipse, out of Grecian Princess ..... 2 dr
Time, 2:01. Mr. Boyce paid forfeit.

BALTIMORE RACES NEXT WEEK.

A writer in the Daily Chronicle of that city has the following alliterative and unique article upon the subject:—

THE CENTRAL COURSE RACES—*The great Dorsey Stakes.*—To commence on Tuesday, the 16th of this month.

Pray, Mr. Poe, permit me to praise the philanthropic propensity that prompts you to present to your patrons the programmes of pleasing pastimes, in preparation for the public—particularly those prescribed in the placards of the popular proprietor of the *old Central Course!* How preferable the perusal of such paragraphs to perpetual proclamations of "pressure" and privation, proceeding, peradventure, from panic produced by pestilent political prize fighters, or the profligacy and presumption of pretenders to precedence in patriotism and *people* worship.

But, for the Central! Quere—In what quarter did quite so many quick ones ever quiver with impatience for the question, "ARE YOU READY."

Tuesday is designated as the day for opening the Drama, when 62 dramatis personæ, descendants of Diomede and Duroc, will dash for "stakes," that must forever doom to distinction the name of Dorsey—"*The Dorsey Stakes.*"

Let the reader but read over the roll of rivals that have promised to run for the rhino in that remarkable race! Sixty-two subscribers—sons and daughters of stallions of the highest renown: Of American Eclipse, Andrew and Apparition, Barefoot, Bertrand, Busiris and Black Warrior, Charles, Dashall, Forrester, Fylde, Gohanna, Hedgford, Henry, Luzborough, Lance, Maryland Eclipse, Mason's Ratler, Medley, Mercury, Pirate, Sussex, Timoleon, down to Velocipede and Zinganee. Various will be the causes of intense anxiety that will be felt for the result. Of the 62 that have engaged to *play or pay*, it cannot be expected that less than 25 will come to the post. Besides the great division of North and South, which abolitionism has made too familiar to the mind, eight of our independent States, or, as Governor Floyd calls them, independent Nations, will go for their reserved rights—and, not to be forgotten, twenty-five times three hundred and thirty-seven forfeits of one hundred each, make, according to Cocker, $11,200—a sum not to be sneezed at in these times of curtailment! Five and twenty, strong of limb and sleek of skin, to be stripped for their maiden encounter—what a sight! But be the issue what it may, there is a gentlemanly way of quaffing off your glass to the health of all parties, at the "Old Central," that even losers forget their disappointment.

It is ascertained, that for the other days, there will be the winners at Trenton, at Newmarket, at Fairfield, at Washington, at Kendall's, and other courses, to ensure splendid sport for each day. Let us go, then, if we have to wear our old clothes, and endeavor to recruit from the wear and tear that every good man undergoes in reading, Mr. Editor, your everlasting and doleful accounts of *Stock gone down—Cotton gone down—Houses gone down*, until one would think nothing could ever stand again. The bow, to be elastic, must sometimes be unbent,—so laughing is good for the liver, says Dr. Potter—for my part, I go for Dr. SELDEN. Give me his cook for *my apothecary*. J.

BLOOD STOCK IN ALABAMA.

We have taken the liberty of making the following extracts from a private letter, addressed to us by E. H. BOARDMAN, Esq., of near Huntsville, Ala., one of the most extensive importers and breeders of blooded stock in the country:—

BOARDMAN'S MILLS, April 24, 1837.

My Dear Sir,—In your last you ask for information as to the breeding stud at the Mills. Thus far it is remarkably prosperous—breeders and amateurs are decidedly pleased with both of my imported horses, *Comus* and *Consol*, and have patronized them to the extent of my wishes. The foals recently dropped are quite a feather in Consol's cap; the best judges pronounce them quite large, fine, and very bloodlike. My recent importation reached home the 9th of March, and are now getting into condition. Yesterday I parted with one of my jewels—viz.: *Lady Sherbrook*, a bay filly by Priam, out of a Woful mare, dropped at sea on the 7th Feb. 1837. I sold her to Maj. SAMUEL RAGLAND and Dr. ALEX. ERSKINE, of this vicinity, for $1250. My foals now on hand and for sale, are—Br. c. got in England by St. Patrick, out of Plenty by Emilius, dropped 14th March, 1837; ch. f. by Consol out of Kathleen's dam, Sally Bell, by Sir Archy, dropped 25th March; ch. f. by Consol, out of Imp. Vamp, dropped 12th April; and br. f. by Colwick, in Lord Chesterfield's stud, out of Imp. mare by Williamson's Ditto, dropped 15th April.

Imp. Gabriella, bred by the Duke of Grafton, now stinted to Consol, will foal in a day or two. She may produce a flyer. She is by Partizan, and has other fast crosses.

To make room for the brood stock, I would sell a splendid ch. c. by Priam, bred by Lord Chesterfield in 1834, out of Alexis' dam by Soothsayer—Rubens—Woodpecker—Gohanna's dam by Herod. Also some yearlings, dropped at the Mills in 1836—ch. c. by Actæon, (in the King's Stud), out of Imp. Design; ch. c. by St. Patrick, out of Imp. Delight; ch. c. by Leviathan, out of Sally Bell; ch. f. by Leviathan, out of Molo's dam.

P. S. Gabriella has dropped a br. c. foal.

The Transcript accuses the Herald of neglecting to credit an article. That cannot be, friend Walter; it would not be right to credit you for that which you never had writ. Therefore we claim to ourself more honesty in regard to the paragraph, than the editor of the Transcript can boast of; as we *copied* the article verbatim as we found it, while in the Transcript it had been re-written.—The anecdote *originally* appeared in the Palladium about 16 years since.

Boston Herald.

We cannot pretend to wit whilst that original concern, the Herald, has the monopoly. But we may boast that we never have recourse to falsehood. It is not true that we re-wrote the anecdote from a version in the Palladium, and we defy the Herald to prove its assertion. Neither did we "accuse the Herald."—We stated a fact, but made no accusation.

"The *wit*" of the Herald "is as thick as Tewksbury mustard," and "stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad." Transcript.

The *Columbus* (Ga.) *Races* commenced on the 2d inst. with every prospect of a fine meeting, as we learn by a paragraph to the following effect, from the "Enquirer," of that enterprising and thriving town:—

We are requested to call the attention of the sporting world again to the approaching races the first of next month. Those who indulge in the sports of the turf may rest assured that there will be nothing left undone that can contribute to please the fancy or fill the pocket. Horses will be here, which if report speaks true, could almost walk round the track in half the time it took Old Eclipse to run the same distance at top speed, which, by the way, would be tolerably tail walking. *Birmingham*, the Alabama champion, who lately showed his heels to the renowned *Scarlet* on the plains of Mobile, *Miss Medley*, so accustomed to convincing the knowing ones that the "grey mare is the better horse," *Little Red*, and *Leannah*, troublesome customers in any crowd, will all be here. The way it is said they travel four miles is smartly after the fashion of Flying Childers. Besides these, there will be *Jane Lamar*, *Turnbull*, *Clodhopper*, *Lady Morgan*, *half sister to Bascombe*, *Jane Burke*, *Eclipsia*, and many others of mighty bone and bold emprize, to try their fortunes on the different days. Cider nags and quarter horses will be as thick as hops, so whether a "gull" wishes to stake the rhino on a quick pain or a slow fever, he can have a chance for his money.

"THE GREY MARE THE BETTER HORSE."

The courtesy of our friends of the "*Republican Herald*," at Columbus, Ga., in sending us by the Express Mail a report of the four mile race, that came off over that Course, last week, enables us to lay before the Sporting World a most important and interesting piece of intelligence. The "great gun" of Alabama has been defeated! *Miss Medley* beat *Birmingham* in 7:47, the first, and distanced the field the second heat, Birmingham having broke down. We have not room for a word more.

BY THE EXPRESS MAIL!

"HERALD" OFFICE, Columbus, (Ga.) May 5th, 1837.

Splendid Race--Miss Medley Victorious!

This day has presented a scene never before witnessed in this country. An unusual degree of excitement had been produced, from the fact of the purse being larger than generally made for the four mile day, namely, *One Thousand Dollars*, and also that the "crack nags" of Georgia and Alabama were pitted for the contest. *Miss Medley* had *earned*, by the hardest and most faithful sort of running, a reputation valuable to herself, and dear to her friends. *Birmingham*, the conqueror upon the Mobile Turf in 7:48, with a name well nigh equal to that of *John Bascombe*, had made his appearance upon *our* Turf, and seemed to elicit universal favor, and *Little Red* springing from the same stock with the renowned Bascombe, was also considered "a caution" to "the knowing ones." The Alabama boys came over to see us in good friendship, but they came well stocked with "the ready," considering the tightness of the times—and in fact, when the hour came for betting, they rather gained the advantage over the backers of Miss Medley, for the simple reason, that on our side "the rhino" gave out; but we stood up to the "grey mare," even to the last dollar. The morning dawned in brightness and beauty, and the city was all in motion at a very early hour. The reputation of each horse was so high, that it was impossible to gain any clue as to which would win: the betting was therefore various—the principal amounts before going to the track were wagered on Little Red against Medley, and Birmingham against Miss Medley. At about 11 o'clock the throng began to move towards the track—every carriage and horse was in requisition, and the road leading to the great scene of strife was literally black with persons and vehicles. The dust rose in volumes, and the sun shone in great power. The heat of the day was unparalleled for the season, the thermometer standing at 95 deg. at the time the race was run. When from the Judges' stand we surveyed the multitude which had assembled to witness the sport, we were perfectly astonished, although we had anticipated a large gathering. It has been stated, and no doubt correctly, that *five thousand persons* were present on the occasion, amongst them a large collection of the beauty and fashion of Columbus and the adjacent counties.

At length the starting hour of 12 arrived, and was announced by the tap of the drum, and the preparatory word of the Judge "saddle your horses." At this moment the dense crowd moving towards the stand, eager to view the shining coursers, was like the mighty wave of ocean, rolled and urged onware by the immense power contained within itself. The betting was brisk upon Birmingham against Miss Medley, and finally on Birmingham against the field. The entries were as follows:—

Col. Blevins entered ch. h. *Little Red*, by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet, 6 yrs
Col. Thatcher B. Howard entered gr. m. *Miss Medley*, dam Pett, by St. Tammany, 6 yrs.
Col. P. B. Starke entered br. h. *Birmingham*, by Stockholder, dam by Top-Gallant, 6yr.

The position of the horses was thus:—Miss Medley *had the track*, Birmingham *second*, Red *third*. At the tap of the drum they were off in fine style, Birmingham in the lead. The heat was handsomely run by the field; but the contest was severe between Miss Medley and Birmingham; at several different points they locked and brushed together, in real quarter horse style, and especially in running the second mile, the time of which was 1:51. The first heat was won by Miss Medley in 7:47, beating Birmingham about a neck, Little Red dropping in just in time to clear his distance. During this heat the rider of Birmingham was accused of *foul riding*; and upon the distinct and positive evidence of one of the judges, the riding was declared *foul*, and it was announced from the stand that in consequence thereof Birmingham was declared distanced in the race. After this announcement, however, Col. Howard, the owner of Miss Medley, with a magnanimity highly creditable to himself, and gratifying to his numerous friends, proclaimed that if Mr. Starke had a desire so to do, he had his entire consent to run Birmingham the next heat, and take the purse if he could win it; consequently the three horses started again. But it was no race. Little Red was not able to make Medley run, and Birmingham failed to outfoot her in his brushes at her. The time of this heat was therefore bad, being 8:8, in which both Birmingham and Little Red were distanced. We regret extremely to state, that Birmingham, in this race, broke a leader in his left hind leg, which has probably ruined him, as a race horse, forever. He is a noble animal, and a race horse of tremendous powers. The track was extremely heavy, the sand being fetlock deep and the day hot. The time then in which Miss Medley won the first heat, may challenge the best speed of Virginia or New York.

FAIRFIELD (Va.) SPRING RACES.

TUESDAY, May 2, 1837.—Produce Stakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs.; sub $100 each, h. ft; 7 subs. Mile heats.

Henry A. Tayloe's ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Aurora 1 1
Henry Maclin's br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Peggy Madee 2 2
Time, 1:53—2:00. A capital race.

[The Match "for $600 between two noted milers," up for this day, did not come off, one of the horses being lame. We are in the dark as to any particulars. Indeed, it is with the greatest difficulty that we can compile a report of the meeting, worthy of the fine horses that contended for the purses, or the distinguished turfmen who entered them. The proprietor of the course, and every gentleman save one that had a stable on the ground, is a subscriber to the Spirit of the Times, and if they read this paragraph they will be acquainted with the reason why the report of an important meeting, over one of the most popular courses in the Old Dominion, is "sent *in good* time into this *Sporting* world scarce half made up."]

WEDNESDAY, May 3.—Proprietor's Purse $300, free for all ages, ent. $15, Two mile heats. Weights: 3 yrs. 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged, 124lbs., with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to m.'s and g.'s.

O. P. Hare's b. f. *Cursett*, by Sir Charles, dam by Remus, 3 yrs 5 1 1
Wm. McCargo's ch. c. *John Tyler*, by Eclipse, out of Creeping Kate, 4 yrs ..... * * 2
John S. Corbin's br. m. *Virginia*, by Sir Charles, out of Star's dam, - yrs 2 5 3
Col. John Heth's ch. h. *Ormond*, by Sir Charles, dam by Alfred, 5 yrs ..... * 2 4
Dr Geo. Goodwyn's b. m. *Catherine Davis*, by Mons. Tonson, d. by Sir Archy, 5 y. 1 * dis
Wm. Williamson's ch. f. by Timoleon, age and dam omitted ..... * dr
Hector Davis' b. c. *Emmett*, by Sir Charles, dam by Handel, 4 yrs ..... dis
Time, 3:56—3:55—4:01. * Not placed.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—For the *Richmond Citizens Plate*, value $225, ent. $15, free for all ages; weights as before. Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. h. *Childry* (or Childers), by Sir Charles, dam by Imp. Eagle, 4 yrs.. 1
John S. Corbin's br. c. *Whig*, by Sir Charles, out of Star's dam, 4 yrs 2
Wm. Minge's gr. h. *Jesse*, by Medley, dam by Spring Hill, aged 3
Col. John Heth's ch. h. *Reindeer*, by Sussex, out of Margaret Armistead's dam, 4 yrs... 4
Wm. Williamson's ch. c. by Sir Charles, out of Clifford's dam, 4 yrs 5
O. P. Hare's gr. c. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Hal, 4 yrs 6
Col. Wm. L. White's ch c. *Cash*, by Carolinian, dam unknown, 4 yrs 7
Time, 3:57. Well contested.

THURSDAY, May 4.—Jockey Club Purse $500, ent. $20, free for all ages; weights as before. Four mile heats.

Wm McCargo's b. m. *Sally Eubanks*, by Roanoke, dam by Constitution, aged .... * 1 1
Henry Maclin's ch. h. *Philip*, by Janus, dam by Trafalgar, 6 yrs 1 2 2
Wm. H. Minge's gr. h. *Jesse*, (pedigree above), aged ..... * 3 3
Col. Wm. L. White's b. h. *Orphan Boy*, by Gohanna, dam by Tom Tough, 5 yrs.. 3 * dis
Col. John Heth's ch. h. *Experiment*, by Jack Downing, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs ..... 2 dis
James S. Garrison's ch. m. *Eliza Ann*, by Jackson, - yrs ..... * * *
Geo. B. Poindexter's ch. h. *Paul Jones*, by Washington, dam by Napoleon, 6 yrs.. * * *
Time, 8:07—8:11—8:15. * Not placed.

FRIDAY, May 5.—Produce Stakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs.; sub. $100 each, h. ft.; 7 subs. Mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. c. by Imp. Fylde, out of Sally Eubanks' dam 1 1
John B. Chapman's b. c. by Imp. Barefoot, out of Ariadne's dam 3 2
Henry Maclin's ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Junius 2 3
Wm. N. Whiting's b. f. by Forty-Four, dam by Sir Charles ..... dis
James P. Corbin's ch. c. by Imp. Barefoot, out of Robin Brown's dam ..... bolt.
Time, 1:54—1:54. Mr. Corbin's colt bolted and threw his rider.

A Powder Flask, value $100, was to have been run for this day—Mile heats, free for all ages. Also a handsome Saddle, Bridle, etc., worth $50,—same terms and distance. The different reports furnished of the purse races in the Richmond papers, conflict, so that it has been impossible for us to do justice to each entry, as the *placing* is variously given. Sometimes *two* horses are placed 3d or 2d, when a dead heat was not run.

THE NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

Over the *Washington City Course*, commenced May 2d, 1837. *Weights*, for 3 year olds, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged 124lbs., with 3lbs allowed to mares and geldings. The *distance* in 1 mile, 60 yards—2, 100—3, 130—and 4 mile heats, 150 yards. *Time between heats*—15 minutes for mile heats—25 for 2—35 for 3—and 45 for 4 mile heats.

TUESDAY, May 2, 1837.—Post Stakes for 4 yr. olds, sub. $500, ft $200, Three mile heats; 4 subs.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. f. *Mary Blunt*, by Sir Charles, out of Nancy Blunt's dam, by Alfred 1 1
Jas. S. Garrison's ch. c. *Charles Magic*, by Sir Charles, out of Lady Amelia, by Imp. Magic 2 2
Col. Jas. M. Selden's b. c. by Sussex, dam —— ..... dis
Time, 5:51—6:06.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200, h. ft.; Mile heats; 5 subs.

Col. Francis Thompson's gr. f. *Omega*, by Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper 1 1
T. R. S. Boyce's b. f. *Testimony*, by Imp. Apparition, dam by Tuckahoe 3 2
Geo. L. Stockett's gr. c. *De Vere*, by Medley, dam by Richmond 2 3
Time, 1:57—1:54.

WEDNESDAY, May 3.—For the *Washington Plate*, value $500, Two mile heats. Weights as before.

Col. John Heth's br. m. *Margaret Armistead*, by Imp. Apparition, dam by Oscar, 5 y. 1 1
Jas. B. Kendall's b. c. *Master Henry*, by Henry, dam by Am. Eclipse, 4 yrs 2 2
Time, 3:52—4:01.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, ft. $150, Mile heats—6 subs.

All paid forfeit to Col. John Heth's gr. f. *Gift*, by Grey Beard, dam by Sir Charles.

THURSDAY, May 4.—For the Proprietor's Purse $500, Three mile heats. Weights as above.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. c. *Boston*, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam, 4 yrs. 1 1
Jas. S. Garrison's b. c. *Norwood*, by Mons. Tonson, out of Hanslap's dam, 4 yrs 3 2
Col. F. Thompson's ch. c. brother to Virginia Graves, 4 yrs ..... 2 dis
O. S. Hall's b. f. *Mary Selden*, by Sussex, dam by Richmond, 4 yrs ..... dis
Geo. Forbes' ch. c. *Meteor*, by ——, out of Maid of Patuxent, 4 yrs ..... dis
Wm. Mershon's gr. f. *Lydia*, by Commodore, 4 yrs ..... dis

FRIDAY, May 5.—For the National Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats. Weights as before.

Jas. S. Garrison's bl. h. *Cippus*, by Industry, dam by Mark Anthony, 5 yrs 1 1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. m. *Atalanta*, by Industry, out of Nancy Norwood, by Rattler, 5 yrs 3 2
Dr. Duvall's br. h. *Prince George*, by Industry, out of Thistle, Argyle's dam, 5 yrs.. 2 3
Carey Thompson's b. h. *Enceiro*, by Star, dam by Seymour's Eagle, 6 yrs 4 4
Time, 8:12—7:54.

WILEY J. STRATTON, *Secretary.*

ST. FRANCISVILLE (La.) SPRING RACES

Commenced on Wednesday, the 19th of April, under very favorable auspices, the weather being fine, and the track in good order. The details annexed we compile from the notes of our special correspondent, who gives us the following list of the *Officers of the Club for* 1837.

Hon. ALEXANDER BARROW, President; Gen. John B. Dawson, Dr. J. B. Hereford, and R. H. Haile, Esq., Judges; Dr. Thomas Saunders, and J. Riker, Esq., Distance Judges; B. H. Barrow, and Fergus Duplantier, Esqrs. Timers; A. Harralson, Esq., Secretary.

Weights, Distances, etc.—2 yr. olds, 70 lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged, 124 lbs., with an allowance of 3 lbs to mares, fillies, and geldings. The *distance* in mile heats is 60 yards—in 2 m. h. 110 yds.—in 3 m. h. 150 yds.—in 4 m. h. 180 yds.—and best 3 in 5, mile heats, 80 yds. *Time* allowed between heats,—20 minutes for mile heats—30 m. for 2 m. h.—40 m. for 3 m. h., and 45 m. for 4 mile heats.

WEDNESDAY, April 19, 1837.—Purse $400. Ent. $35, free for all ages. Two mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch f *Angora*, by Im. Leviathan, out of Patty Puff, by Pacolet, 4 y. 1 1
Smith & Chinn's b c *Arbaces*, by Bertrand, out of dam of Multiflora, by Hamiltonian, 3y 2 dr
Time, 3:56.

Angora was the favorite; as both were in fine condition, a good deal of money was laid out about them, the backers of Arbaces laying it on thick when anything like 100 to 90 was offered. Angora won the heat by a length, after several spirited challenges from the game running colt. The boy on the mare having been charged with foul riding, the matter was laid before the Judges, who, after hearing the evidence, decided that the charge was not sustained, and accordingly decreed that Angora was fairly entitled to the heat; the owners of Arbaces then drew him, and the purse was given to Angora, whose career of victory has been unsullied since her race with Rodolph at Louisville last September, having beaten strong fields of tried horses at Natchez and New Orleans, and crowned her career by running a 3d mile heat in 1:48.

THURSDAY, April 20.—Purse $600. Ent. $75, free for all ages. Three mile heats.

Smith & Chinn's b. c. *Arbaces*, (pedigree above,) 3 yrs. 1 1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's g f *Naked Truth*, by Im Leviathan, out of Ellen Mar, by Pacolet, 4y 2 2
R. Barrow's ch. f. *Alice Riggs*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Hope, by Sir Archie, 4y. 3 d
Time, 5:45—5:43—the best time ever made on this course.

This race excited the utmost interest, and a large concourse, including a great number of ladies, were attracted to witness what proved to be one of the best contested races ever run in Louisiana. Arbaces and Alice Riggs made the running for two miles, when the beautiful daughter of the celebrated Sally Hope declined, and Naked Truth took it up. The pace up the straight stretch home was tremendous, but the stride of Arbaces carried him through in gallant style, two lengths or more ahead.

They got away together the 2d heat, Arbaces leading, with Naked Truth laying close up, Alice going in hand in the rear. This relative position was maintained until the 3d mile, when Alice "shut up," and the daughter of Leviathan and Ellen Mar was called upon to add another chaplet to those which already shadowed her brows. She applied herself at once to the task by charging Arbaces—on the backside she lapped him—another effort, and she was at his saddle girth—neck and neck they entered the semi circle at the last turn, when he threw her off, and now came the tug of war. The hopes and fears of thousands were depending upon their fearful struggle, and each seemed aware that thousands of hearts were palpitating with the excitement. 'Twas a Bertrand against a Leviathan; if one was "a caution," the other was "a sin to Crockett." The speed and stoutness of the one was arrayed against the game and foot of the other. After a "*Post Boy*" brush of a mile, in which both proved themselves as true as steel, Arbaces won the heat by half a length in 5:43—the best time, three miles, perhaps ever made in Louisiana. Some doubts having been expressed of the length of the track, upon the time being declared, it was measured by a company of gentlemen, and found to be *nine feet over a full mile*, measuring three feet from the fence!

FRIDAY, April 21.—Purse $1000, free for all ages. Ent. $100. Four mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. f. *Fanny Wright*, by Bertrand, out of Pindell's Marcella, by Sir Alfred, 4 yrs ..... walked over.

SATURDAY, April 22.—Purse $395, (the entrance money of previous days.) Ent. $50, free for all, best 3 in 5. Mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. f. *Angora*, (pedigree above,) 4 yrs 1 1 1
Col. Rob. Smith's g c *Daniel O'Connell*, by Sir Henry Tonson, d by Im Sir Harry, 4y 2 2 d.
Time, 1:51—1:54—1:48

A splendid race, and splendid time—within a second of *Mingo's* and *Post Boy's* at Trenton, though the latter carried heavier weight. If *Fanny Wyatt* brings up her luck with a round turn as *Angora* has done after a similar disastrous day, there will be "a gittin' up stairs" on Long Island before another Spring, that will make some people ache. *Fanny Wright's* assumption of *John Bascombe's* station, will make old *Bertrand* worth his weight in "mint drops." His colts coming out this Spring in Kentucky are said to be equal to anything wearing horse-hair, and in Georgia and South Carolina, the get of *Bertrand Junior* are said to be alike promising.

TAPPAHANNOCK (Va.) RACES.-Second Report.

MR. EDITOR,—The Tappahannock Jockey Club meeting over the *Mount Clement Course* commenced the 18th of April, and continued three days. The first race the

FIRST DAY.—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds. Sub. $100, h. ft. Mile heats.

J. P. Corbin's ch. c. *Hampton*, by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Trafalgar, 86 lbs 1 1
W. L. White's ch. c. by Sir Charles, dam by Director, 86 lbs 3 2
W. H. Tayloe's ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Arab, 83 lbs 2 3
Time, 1:53—1:57.

I have seldom seen three such promising colts appear in the same race. The filly the favorite at the start; she took the lead, but the Charles colt headed her on the back stretch; she again shot ahead in the third quarter, and again looked like the winner of the heat, but all came together at the last turn, and down they come like the wind by the distance stand, and in another instant the Barefoot colt is proclaimed winner of the first heat. The second heat is well contested, and they come to the stand again well together.

SECOND RACE.—Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, ent. $35, for a Silver Pitcher, val. $100.

W. H. Tayloe's ch. c. *Corsair*, by Timoleon, dam by Gracchus 2 0 1 1
W. L. White's ch. f. by Carolinian, dam by Sir Charles 1 0 2 2
J. P. Corbin's ch. c. by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Florizel ..... bolted.
Time, 1:59—1:59—2:01—2:08.

The Barefoot colt bolted the first hundred yards, leaving his jockey unhurt,

swamped, and the filly took the first heat without any extraordinary exertion. The Timoleon colt takes the lead in the second heat, she beats him up the back stretch, but at the last turn, they are side by side, and so they run to the stand, making a dead heat. The third and fourth heats were run the same way, the Timoleon colt winning each heat by half his length. Unless I am very much mistaken, you will have your attention called again to some one or two of the colts run in these two stakes before the end of the campaign.

SECOND DAY.—Proprietor's Purse, $150. Two mile heats.

J. P. White's (W. H. Tayloe's) b. g. *Switch*, by Whip, d. Miss Chance, 5 yrs. 107 lbs.	1	1	
W. L. White's ch. c. *Cash*, by Carolinian, dam unknown, 4 yrs. 100 lbs.	2	2	
G. B. Poindexter's bl c *Black Rabbit*, by Engineer, out of sis. to Jas. Cropper, 5y 110lb	3	3	
T. Taliaferro's br. m. *Fly*, by Prince Rupert, dam by Bassorah, 5 yrs. 107 lbs.	dist.		

Time, 4:00—4:02.

Switch had it all his own way, from the beginning to the end of this race. Cash coughed in the morning, and his owner thought he was about taking the distemper. A false start in the first heat gave Black Rabbit and Fly half a mile run, which did them *no good*. Cash's stirrup broke after passing the distance stand in the first heat, his jockey lost his seat, and he got altogether on the right side of his horse; by a wonderful exertion, he regained his seat, to the surprise and delight of every one present, without checking his horse for an instant.

SECOND RACE.—For a Saddle, Bridle, &c. Ent. $15.

Dr. Ravenough's ch. m. by Sir Charles, 5 yrs.	1
Jerome White's ch. m. by Gohanna, not 3 yrs. old	1

The Gohanna filly was a tiny bit of a thing, of pretty action, but overmatched by the Sir Charles filly.

THIRD DAY.—Jockey Club Purse, $300. Three mile heats.

Thos. Taliaferro's b. h. *Orphan Boy*, by Gohanna, d. by Tom Tough, 5 yrs. 110 lbs.	3	1	1
G. B. Poindexter's ch. h. *Paul Jones*, by Washington, d. by Napoleon, 6 y. 118 lbs	2	2	2
H. Davis' b. c. *Emmet*, by Sir Charles, dam by Handel, 4 yrs. 102 lbs.	1	3	3
J. P. Corbin's ch. f. *Irene*, by Sir Charles, dam by Trafalgar, 4 yrs. 97 lbs.	4	4	dis
J. P. White's br. h. *Sam Patch*, entered but not started.			

Time, 5:56—5:51—5:59.

This was an uncommonly interesting race, and doubtful to the last jump. Irene the favorite at the start. Paul Jones had many friends, but they did not like the weights he had to carry. Emmet and Orphan Boy kept *dark*; Emmet, with 2 lbs. over weight, ran the first heat and half the second like a red fox before hounds. His rider had been reduced, and could not restrain him. Paul Jones contested honestly every heat, and put Orphan Boy up to all he could do. No time was lost in either heat.

The Club and visitors to the course adjourned after the race each day to the Club house to dinner. Madeira and champagne, seasoned with songs, anecdotes, and toasts, kept them together. "The Proprietor of the Mount Clement Course—May he meet the success he merits," being offered and amended,—"we invite him to retain his ground, and favor us with a fall meeting," Col J. P. White (the Proprietor) responded with great feeling, pledging himself, after the flattering reception of the toast, and the liberal support of the company, to make any sacrifice to meet their wishes. The Tappahannock J. C. will have a meeting next Fall, when "Paul Jones" or "Emmet" may "Switch" the "Orphan Boy," and "Cash" make "Black Rabbit" "Fly." As for "Irene," she got sight of "St. Leger," and I heard something said about—*I won't tell what*. The "St." looks like doing the State some service, and is unquestionably amongst the finest stallions in the country. Yours, ESSEX.

PLAQUEMINE (La.) April 15, 1837.

Dear Sir,—I gave you in my last some account of the racing which occurred here, during the week which preceded the regular Spring meeting. I now forward you a report of the Jockey Club races, which I have aimed to draw up in conformity to some hints you have thrown out. They commenced on Wednesday, 5th April. Yours truly, HERSEY.

PLAQUEMINE (La.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

WEDNESDAY, April 5, 1837.—Jockey Club Purse $200, ent $20, Mile heats, free for horses raised and foaled in the State of Louisiana, and for those brought into the State within the age of 18 months.

Fergus Duplantier's b. c. *Prospero*, by Pacific, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs. 86 lbs.	2	1	1
Theodore Orillion's b. f. by Boaster, dam by Whip, 2 yrs. a feather	1	2	2
Joseph Thompson's ch. g. *John Randolph*, by Candidate, dam by Pacolet	r. o.		

Time, 1:57½—2:05—2:09.

Mr. Thompson's entry was brought into the State after he was two years old, and was therefore rejected.

THURSDAY, April 6.—Jockey Club Purse $500, ent. $50, Three mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. f. *Angora*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam Patty Puff, by Pacolet, 4 yrs.	walked over.

Kathleen was to have contended with Angora for this day's purse. On the previous day, when making a brush, she encountered a *quarter horse*, then exercising on the track, and although not disabled, was so much injured as not to admit of her being entered. The disappointment was of course great, and Col. BINGAMAN immediately proposed to assist the proprietor in making up a purse to be run for this day, from which his own stable should be excluded. I give you the result.

SAME DAY.—Proprietor's Purse $200, ent. $20, added to the purse, Two mile heats.

Wm. H. Bell's b. f. *Buckeye Lass*, by Hephestion, dam by Whip, 4 yrs. 97 lbs.	1	1	
Col. A. L. Bingaman's (Joseph Thompson's) ch. g. *John Randolph*, by Candidate, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs. 107 lbs.	3	2	
Col. Robt. Smith's b. f. *Purity*, by Arab, dam by Whip, 4 yrs. 97 lbs.	2	3	
Walker Thurston's ch. f. *Forfeit*, by Bertrand, dam by Ball's Florizel, 4 yrs 97 lbs.	dis		
Fergus Duplantier's b. f. by Pacific, dam Kitty Clover, 3 yrs. 83 lbs.	dis		
R. C. Moore's ch. h. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Timoleon, 6 yrs. 115 lbs.	dis		

Time, 3:54—4:00.

FRIDAY, April 7.—Jockey Club Purse $300, ent. $30, Two mile heats.

Wm. J. Minor's ch. f. *Extio*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs. 97 lbs.	2	1	1
Robt. Smith's gr. c. *Daniel O'Connell*, by Sir Henry Tonson, dam by Imp. Sir Harry, 4 yrs. 100 lbs.	1	2	2

Time, 3:58—4:04—4:07.

The first heat was particularly well contested. O'Connell did not cool off well, and was not thought to be right. At the termination of the third heat his rider dismounted before coming to the judges' stand, which, under the rule, makes him a distanced horse. Extio won the heat with ease.

SAME DAY.—Match, $1000 a-side, h. ft. Four mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. f. *Naked Truth*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Ellen Mar, by Pacolet, 4 yrs. 70 lbs.	1	1
Fergus Duplantier's br. h. *John Beasley*, by Mercury, dam full sister to Stockholder, 6 yrs. 90 lbs.	2	dr

Time, 8:05.

There was quite a sprinkling of bets that John Beasley would take the first heat. The odds in favor of Naked Truth for the race. She proved to have fleetness as well as game, and won the heat with ease, showing John not to be equal to that distance.

SATURDAY, April 8.—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $80, Four mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. f. *Fanny Wright*, by Bertrand, out of Marcella, by Alfred, 4 yrs. 97 lbs.	1	1
Wm. J. Minor's (T. J. Wells') ch. f. *Linnet*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Marshal Ney, 4 yrs. 97 lbs.	2	dr

Time, 8:10.

The two first miles were done in 3:51. The fillies came to the stand in the first round, and again in the second, neck and neck, sweeping round the turn in the third mile, pari passu. Linnet had not the foot of Fanny Wright. The thing was evident. Hinc illæ Lachrymæ. The track was now taken by Fanny, and kept throughout the heat, which she won with ease in a canter.—Time, 8:10.

At the expiration of the time allowed for cooling off, Linnet failed to appear, and Fanny walked over for the second heat.—What necessity was there for this?

SAME DAY.—Purse, the entrance money of the preceding days, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. Robt. Smith's gr. c. *Daniel O'Connell*, by Sir Henry Tonson, dam by Imp. Sir Harry, 4 yrs. 100 lbs.	3	2	1	1	1
Wm. J. Minor's (T. J. Wells') b. f. *Winga*, by Bertrand, dam by Potomac, 3 yrs. 83 lbs.	1	1	2	2	dis
Shelby Smith's b. f. *Buckeye Lass*, by Hephestion, dam by Whip, 4 y. 97 lbs.	2	3	3	r. o.	

Time, 1.52—1:54—1:55—1:57—1:56½.

The weather throughout the week was fine—the track a little too dry for quick time—but pronounced to be one of the best. We had many visitors from other States. They were much gratified, and as an evidence of our hospitable intentions, we gave them that which New Orleans in all her glory could not furnish at her races—we gave them the best *fresh shad* that ever swam. Ic m'y connais un peu, and I do assure you that the creatures have acquired a certain *gout* by travel, that is not to be attained in the society of the Merrimack or Chesapeake shad. They are caught in the Bayou Plaquemine, now, for the first time within the memory of man. Whether they have made the *grand tour* for pastime, or in obedience to some law of nature, is not for me to determine.

Yours, &c. H.

N.'s REPLY TO O'KELLY.

BATESVILLE, Ark., Friday night, March 13.

Dear P.,—I have just reached here from Randolph County, and find myself run over, "rough shod," by "O'Kelly." I leave in the morning for Izard Court, and have no time to refer to documents to enable me to made such a response to "O'Kelly" as so amiable a being as he is deserves. I have ever imagined that "thorough-breds" were like public men, fit subjects for newspaper discussion. I have never written one line through "malice or ill will," neither am I interested directly or indirectly, in any horse whose merits I have blazoned forth. I have never seen Hickory John or Miss Medley. The extraordinary *time* of the latter ower the Macon Course, induced me to place so high an estimate upon her racing powers. That time has never been equalled by Hickory John—added to which, Hickory John, until his match with Miss Medley, had never achieved anything of consequence. Now, Mr. "O'Kelly," as little as you value "N.'s" *opinion*, allow him to say that he candidly and honestly believes Hickory John to be a "first rater," only a *dot* behind Bascombe.

As to my "*prophecies*," I have never set up for "a prophet, or the son of a prophet." Still I claim the *right* of speculating on the results of matches—a right which I trust "O'Kelly," in the plenitude of his mercy, will still allow me. I wrote to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, from Baltimore, that I believed Bascombe would beat Post Boy. I also predicted that Rodolph would beat Angora. I shall continue to predict whenever it suits my convenience, and if for no other reason, to furnish good *data* by which to govern my friend "O'Kelly" in his bets.

A word to him at parting—don't "fly off at the handle;" make allowances for us boys of a "wooden country,"—we live so far from "no where," that we are not to be supposed to understand the 'GRACES" thoroughly. Come out and take a *bear hunt*, and I am nearly sure a run of *three hours* after an old *he*, would knock all the "wild cats and vinegar" out of you—and then we will give you a *painter* fight, and to keep up sport will fling in a *wild cat* or two. Trusting you may ere long recover your temper, and that Hickory John may knock the "*kind sights*" of Rodolph, I bid you adieu. Truly yours, N.

CHARLES MAGIC.

UPPER MARLBOROUGH, Md., May 4th 1837.

Mr. Editor,—In your valuable and highly interesting paper, the Spirit of the Times, April 15, No. 9, you undertake to give all the winners of Two mile heats for 1836; and as I am sure you would not willingly discredit any nag, of however humble pretensions, I have taken the liberty to write you, to ask the favor of you to mete out full justice to *Charles Magic*.

During the year 1836, *Charles Magic* performed as follows:—

Charles Magic, ch. c., 3 years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Imp. Magic, won $950, Sweepstakes, in 1:51—1:57, beating Mr. Dorsey's b. c. by Sussex, Howard, and Camilla, on the Washington Course, May 11th, 1836.

Oct. 4th, at Upper Marlborough, he beat Camilla in a Match, $1000 a-side, Two mile heats, in 4:09—4:10—the course very heavy, and over a mile.

Oct. 12th, at Washington City Course, he won the Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, in 4:13—4:15, the track very heavy from rain, beating Mary Selden, and Molinera; $100 was the sweepstakes, including forfeits.

Oct. 28th, he received forfeits in a sweepstakes, on the Kendall Course, from Frederick, Kendall's Henry colt, and an entry of Y. N. Oliver.

The whole, or any part of the above is at your service, to use for public information, as may best accord with your ideas of propriety, my object being merely to do justice to a noble animal that did not, when *three* years old, lose a heat or race; but won *three*, and received forfeit from all his competitors in the *fourth*.

Your well wisher, W. W. W. B.

JIM ALLAN'S RACE AT LOUISVILLE,

RICHMOND, (Ky.) April 25th, 1837.

Mr. P.—I see in your "Alphabetical List of American Winning Horses, in 1836, Two mile heats," that *Jim Allan*, by Archy Montorio, dam by Hamiltonian, beat Fanny Wright, William T. Barry, and Duff Green, over the Louisville Course, Ky.—Time 4:07—4:02. The time of this race, reported from the stand, was 3:55—3:53. I think it nothing but justice to the horses in this race that the correct time should be known. I doubt not but it is a typographical mistake, not of the Spirit of the Times, but of our Kentucky papers, as is frequently the case if the Secretaries do *their* duty. There is no mistake as to the time given by me, as hundreds will attest; indeed, I was told by a gentleman famed for his accuracy in timing, that his watch made the second heat under 3:51. At all events, it was a cracking race for speed, although won under a pull. As an evidence of the estimation that was put upon this race, I will state that the contending horse or filly sold the evening after the race for $1500, after a much larger sum was refused for the winner. You will please publish this letter, and oblige Yours, &c., T. J. ROBINSON.

CHALLENGE FOR TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS!

FRANKLIN, Tenn., April 19, 1837.

MR. EDITOR.—*Sir*, Through your columns, permit me to say to the public that I have a colt, dropped this Spring, by *O'Kelly*, (dam untried on the turf, or as a breeder of racers), which I will run, four miles and repeat, over the Franklin Course, Tenn., the Fall after it is four years old, in the Spring, for $2500 a-side, $1000 forfeit, against *the get of any stallion in the world* (this Spring's produce), the dam to be on a footing with the above; or I will enter the same colt in a sweepstake race, four miles and repeat, over the above Course, $1000 entrance, $250 forfeit, Fall he is four, against any colts from same kind of mares, four or more to make a race, and to close 10th October, 1837. Rules of the Franklin Course to govern. Proposals to the above, addressed to the proprietor of Franklin Course, or myself. RANDOLPH SKINNER.

Pedigree and Produce of Countess Plater.

ST. MOOR, *Amherst City*, Va., April 28, 1837.

Countess Plater, a bay mare, foaled in July 1826, was got by Virginian, her dam by Imp. Archduke, winner of the Derby in 1799, and own brother to Stamford and Paris, winner of the Derby in 1806. Her grandam Agnes, one of the best runners and brood mares of her day, was by the famous Bellair; her g. grandam was by Wildair, which Wildair mare was grandam of Contention and others; her g. g. grandam by young Fearnought,* he by imported Fearnought, out of a mare imported by Doctor or Col. Nevils—her g. g. g. grandam by Godolphin†—her g. g. g. g. grandam by imported Hob or Nob—her g. g. g. g. g. grandam by imported Jolly Roger—her g. g. g. g. g. g. grandam by imported Valiant—her g. g. g. g. g. g. g. grandam by Tryall.

HER PRODUCE.

1. Ch. c. *Mogul*, dropped on the 4th May, 1834, by Imp. Luzborough.
2. Bay c. *Altorf*, dropped on the 28th May, 1835, by Imp. Fylde. She was put in June 1835 to Imp. Claret and missed. She slipped a filly foal to Chateau Margaux, Jan. 1837. See is now with Imp. Priam.

I am aware, Sir, that these pedigrees will be too late for the forthcoming American Stud Book. I commenced this letter early in April, before I left Richmond, but not having my stud book with me, I deferred concluding it until I made my usual visit to my farm in this county, where I keep my blooded stock, that I might not be betrayed by memory into error or inaccuracy. I am desirous my stock should have a *niche* in your paper, because *Altorf*, my Fylde colt, has never yet been mentioned in any Sporting periodical.

— PHILIP ST. GEO. AMBLER.

* Butte & Macklin's.

† Godolphin was got by Imported Fearnought out of Imp. Jenny Dismal.

A BUSY PAY DAY.—A profligate young fellow, the son of a lawyer of some eminence, in Rhode Island, on a certain muster or general inspection day, purchased a horse of an ignorant farmer, and agreed to pay for it on the next inspection day. He gave a note; but instead of inspection, he inserted the word *resurrection*—making it payable on the resurrection day! When the next inspection day had come, and the farmer unsuspicious of the trick, supposed the note to be due, he called on the young man for payment. The latter expressed great astonishment that he should call upon him before the note was out—"But it is out," said the farmer; "you promised to pay me next inspection day; the time has come round and I want the money." "If you will look at the note again," said the young man cooly, "you will find it has some time to run yet." The farmer was sure his note was due, or ought to be; but on spelling it over carefully, he found to his astonishment that it was not due until the resurrection day. He remonstrated with the young 'scape grace; but all to no purpose, and finally laid the case before his father, the lawyer. The latter took his son aside, and told him he had better settle the thing at once; "for though the pay-day is far off, you bid fair to have business enough on your hands that day without having notes to settle." The advice was taken.

Another house in Mobile has gone "all to immortal smash," says the Daily Advertiser of that city, in proof of which the editor flares up with the annexed advertisement of the original George Davis:—

PRO BONO PUBLICO.—*Stopping of the Original*.—The House of the Original GEORGE DAVIS, in this city, stopped payment and failed, for the sum of seven or eight millions of dollars, more or less. It is by the said Original George, however, herein declared and made known, to all whom it may or in anywise concern, that in this his present misfortune, he is not out of good company at home, and that in fact, even in foreign parts, as in France, England, Germany, Bengal, Copenbagen, &c. &c., he is advised many respectable houses have gone down, as well as his own in this city—but nevertheless, he does hereby give notice, that he is ready and willing to pay off all and singular his creditors, whatever demand they may have against him, at the rate of 20 shillings sterling money to the pound, and all arrearages of interest at the rates besides, when he succeeds in making his own collections. He would like to exchange for his own paper, the notes and bills of others, matured or rapidly maturing, and unquestionably good. He also hopes that the same justice will be meted out to him, by those to whom he has extended credit—he dares not ask, nor would he have more. THE ORIGINAL GEORGE.

POSTSCRIPT.—The Original George has paddled his own canoe for the last fifty years—he finds himself now going down stream pretty rapidly, with a paddle nearly worn out, and he cannot, he admits, stem the current, without the kind extension to him of some favors, every now and then. His doors are not closed.

Summary.

Old Grum, a celebrated bass singer, is said to have acquired the extraordinary depth of tone for which he was distinguished, by supping on bull-frogs previous to his exhibitions.

Fornasari, well known here as the principal basso of Montressor's company, it is supposed, has been murdered at sea by pirates.

We have lately seen a superb silver Urn, a *chef-d'œuvre*, presented to Mr. Flagg, of Grove Hall, by the B. S. A. O. C., bearing the following inscription by Tickell:—

"Liberal Flagg! whose speculative skill
Is hasty credit and a distant bill;
Who, nursed by Clubs, disdains a vulgar trade,
Exults to trust, and blushes to be paid!"

This, we understand, was given him in consequence of a successful interchange of shots between him and Mr. Finn, last fall, at one of the Club meetings. Flagg, who was quietly sipping a thimble-full of his own 1822, and discussing the merits of Bulwer's Rienzi with the president, was pounced upon by Finn in the following unceremonious manner:—"Mr. *Flagg*, I am not surprised that your wit is considered a *standard*, for its brilliancy rivals that of the *stars*, and its causticity that of the *stripes*." "Gentlemen," replied Flagg, taking Rienzi from the table—"Why is that joke like the conclusion of this volume? Because you see *Fin-is* there, indicating the end of a good thing!" Finn, like Mr. Samivel Veller, "shortly afterwards withdrew, apparently wrapt in the most profound meditation." Boston Morning Post.

PASTE AND DIAMONDS.—John Palmer, the author, had been, when a boy, a bill sticker. He was one evening strutting in the green-room in a pair of glittering buckles, when a gentleman remarked that they really resembled diamonds. "Sir," said Palmer, with some warmth, "I would have you know I never wear anything but diamonds." "I ask pardon," replied the gentleman, "I remember when you wore nothing but *paste*." Jack Bannister, jogging him on the elbow, added, "D——e, Jack, why don't you *stick him against the wall*?"

They make sausages of horse-flesh at New Orleans. A fine city to pass the winter in—a young man would be a considerable of a colt in the Spring, if he ate much.

A whale is supposed to live a thousand years, and a pair to count not less than 72,000,000,000 of their offspring.

The Hen Thieves are so annoying in New Jersey, that large traps are set to catch them. The following notice in the Jersey Blue, indicates the fate of one of them:—

"The *gentleman* who left his ☞ *Right Hand* ☜ a few evenings since, at Mr. John Ehler's hen roost, at Wehawken, is requested to call and take it away—as it will not *keep* much longer."

THE FORCE OF RIDICULE.—No dirk has been seen in the Ohio Legislature since a member adpeared there with a wooden one stuck in his bosom, and a long corn-cob handle attached to it.

An anti-marble society has been established in Philadelphia, for the purpose of preventing boys from playing marbles!

At the late term of the Court, Mr. Henry Mayder was fined $100 for leading James Tyme through the streets by the hair of his head. Saco Democrat.

The fine was an outrage. Had not Mr. Mayder, like every other man, a perfect right to "take *Tyme* by the forelock?" Louisville Journal.

NOSES.—Some of the eastern papers are making a great talk about a man upon whom Nature has kindly bestowed an uncommonly large nose. Wonder if they ever saw the nasal protuberance which accompanies our Senior about the streets of this city. We'll match the nose of the senior editor of the Spectator for a thousand pounds, against the world—for height, depth, length, or breadth. Detroit Spectator.

James Knowles, of Point Judith, lived in an exposed situation, near the ocean, and never went to bed without his gun well charged by his side. One night there was a violent thunder storm, which shook the house to its foundation.—"Husband, husband, screamed the wife, get up, the British have landed or the day of judgment has come, and I don't know which." "By gosh" said Knowles, springing up, and seizing his musket, "I am ready for either."

About the beginning of April a communication by steam-boats will be opened between Rotterdam and Havre, to be connected with the steam-boats from Havre to New-York. An opportunity will be at the same time afforded to go from Rotterdam to Paris in 40 hours. At first only one steamboat, called the Rotterdam, is to be employed; but if the plan succeeds, there will be another steamboat in the sequel. London Age.

WHAT ARE THE ODDS?—Bets are very freely laid at Tattersall's, that Sir ROBERT PEEL is Prime Minister before the end of the year. We should like to take odds against his being Premier before the end of the half year. We rather think that the *Melbourne race* will be run before the Derby comes off; but we will consult Mister GULLY, who, being a Parliament man, knows something of the stable. We know that the *grey colt*, PALMERSTON, has already commenced his *sweating*, and the *rates* at which RUSSELL and RICE are going, are likely to make them *break down*.

The following hit from the New Haven Herald is opportune.

"*Game*.—The first birds of spring are a doomed race. Partridges, robins, woodcock, and all the plumaged singing birds, have been presented in our market for several weeks past, and, shame to say, have found purchasers. If any body gets *poisoned* by them, it is no fault of ours, and if they don't, it will not be because they do not deserve it. We have offered abundant warning and advice on the subject, but still we see College boys and boys out of College, idle apprentices, and stout strapping workees, perambulating our woods and fields with a tiny fowling-piece or a long king's arm, showing their prowess by doing battle against nature and humanity. Those that encourage them are no better than they. We saw yesterday two *working men* out of employ, each with a military musket and a *bluebird*. Such men "ought to break." The country boys use *snares*. Their parents ought to punish them. The larger game is almost extinct, and the smaller are following their destiny. To prevent it, every man should raise his hand and voice in their behalf."

An honest old Dutchman came on a visit to this village, and was quietly smoking his pipe in full view of the Mohawk Valley, without knowing that a railroad ran through it. The night was dark, with the appearance of rain, which absorbed the old man's conjectures, when suddenly a train of cars rumbled by, leaving a long train of sparks in the rear. Suddenly dropping his pipe, the astonished citizen exclaimed—"Vel, if York State ish not de tyfel for improvements! Dey hang lanterns to dere tunder clouds dat peoples may see dem and get out of de vay." Canajoharie Radii.

A HINT.—A gentleman who had long been subject to the nocturnal visitations of thieves in his orchards, wishing to preserve his property without endangering any one's life, procured from an hospital the leg of a subject, which he placed one evening in a steel trap in his garden, and next morning sent the crier round the town to announce that the owner of the leg left in Mr. ——'s grounds last night might receive it upon application. He was never robbed again.

Absence of Mind.—A gentleman just from the west informs us of an instance of this kind, where a Yankee speculator, while engaged in speculation, fell to whittling his fingers instead of a stick, and did not discover his mistake till he had whittled off his two first fingers, and sharpened his third to a point. Detroit Spectator.

An Irishman's description of a Porcupine and manner of killing him.

"The first feathered fowl I ever saw in *Amaraca* was a Porcupine, and I *treed* him under a *hay stack*, and *shot* him with a *pitch-fork*."

Good News for Babies!—An ingenious but waggish fellow in this town, has contrived a funny little apparatus to prevent Babies from crying in church, when they are about to be christened. Northampton Courier.

☞ A solitary old maid, residing in Bradford, Mass., a town famous for pretty girls, was robbed the other night of nine shillings, Yankee currency.—Hanging is too good for such a villain. N. Y. Sun.

High Bribing.—The Wheeling Times says that a candidate for Congress in that district "electioneers by giving *cent picture books* to the children of his constituents."

A GREAT GAME.—A feat unparalleled in the annals of chess playing has just been accomplished by the Napoleon of the chessboard, M. de Labourdonnais, who some time since beat the celebrated player M. de Jouy, with his back turned to the board. In the match to which we now allude, he has beaten two well known and excellent players, M. Bonfil and M. Lecrivain, who played their games at the same time on two different boards, M. de Labourdonnais keeping his back turned to them during the whole of the play, and directed his moves freely from memory and calculation. The billiard room in which the games were played at the Chess-Club, Rue de Menars, was crowded to excess, and nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the spectators when M. de Labourdonnais gave his last *check-mate*. The games were finished in an hour and a half. What seems most extraordinary is, that M. de Labourdonnais did not require the bystanders to preserve a strict silence, and that his attention and calculation appeared by no means disturbed by the noise around him.

Speculation taking a new direction.—A young man in an adjoinig town was mightily smitten with the beauty of a lady whose father had a suit at law which must forever make or break him, and "popped the question." She answered in the affirmative, and was expressing a great desire for immediate marriage, when he thus interrupted her, "I can have the refusal of you for six months, can't I?" Chicago Democrat.

Curious Horse.—A French paper assures the public that at the castle of Voyeau, near Trelon, there is a young horse which has changed color three times;—at two years of age he was a bright bay, he then became a dappled grey, and soon after assumed his first color. At the present moment long white stripes are beginning to form on the back and shoulders.

How they do things on Rock River.—Not long since a young man reached a settlement on Monday, surveyed his land on Tuesday, built a house on Wednesday, "went a courting" on Thursday, got married on Friday, moved home on Saturday, and with his wife, like the rest of the settlers, went to church on Sunday. Chicago Democrat.

"MY NAME IS NOVICE;"

A Speech *not* out of Douglas.

My name is Novice; in St. James's Square
My father lives, and my good mother too,
Whose constant care's to take her daughters out,
And leave her only son, myself, at home.
But I had heard of parties, and I long'd
To follow through the dance some high-born dame;
'Pa lent the carriage which mamma denied.
Scarce had I got to Lady Dumbley's ball,
(She'd not yet fill'd her rooms,) when, with a rap,
A band of hot barbarians from the East
Rush'd like a torrent from the hall below,
Shocking our high-bred dames: th' Exclusives fled
For safety *and for supper*; I alone
With cup of tea and slice of bread-and-butter,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The prettiest girl; then hasted to her side.
Her with a bow and fifty chosen smiles
I met advancing. Now my suit I press'd;—
I fought—I conquer'd—ere the music sounds.
With such a winning smile I pierced her heart,
And in my arms bore through the waltz the fair. E.

London New Monthly Mag. and Humorist for April, 1837.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

CAPTAIN STOCKTON, of the U.S. Navy, having determined to retire from the Turf, offers for sale his entire Stock of Thorough Bred Horses.

Stallions.

No. 1.—The imported horse TAURUS, foaled in 1829, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, full brother to Mundig, the winner of the Derby in 1835, and was a capital race horse himself. See English Racing Calendar. [*SOLD*]

No. 2.—POWHATTAN, grey horse, 16 hands high, foaled in 1830, by Monsieur Tonson, out of the celebrated four mile mare, Iris, by Archy. He was a horse of great promise as a racer. He won mile heats and 3 mile heats from good fields, and broke down in running 4 mile heats against Post Boy and Henry Archy.

No. 3.—DASHALL, br. h. foaled in 1825, 15 hands high, by Archy, out of Meg Dodds, full sister to Miss Mattie, and Isabella—his dam now owned by Mr. R. L. Stevens, of New York. He was a capital racer himself, and his colts are amongst the most promising in New Jersey.

Horses in Training.

No. 4.—MIDDLESEX, ch. h., 16 hands high, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, by Alfred—her dam Virgo, by Imp. Sir Peter Teazle, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy. There are very few horses in the United States that rank higher for speed or beauty than Middlesex.

No. 5.—BERGEN, gr. c. foaled in 1833, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace. This is a horse of good speed and bottom. For the pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 6.—Imported b. h. LANGFORD, by Starch, out of Peri, the dam of Hercules, purchased by J. P. Corbin, Esq. from the King's Stud at Hampton Court—foaled in 1833. He was the winner of the great Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, over the National Course, Spring of 1836.

No. 7.—Imported b. h. JOHN BULL, foaled 1833, by Chateau Margaux, dam by Woful—grandam Beningbrough, g. g. dam Highflyer—See English Stud Book. This horse has never been started, but is a colt of great promise.

No. 8.—Ch. c. SOMERSET, foaled 1834, by Sir Charles, out of the dam of Middlesex.

No. 9.—B. f. MARGARET, foaled 1834, by Dashall, out of Young Nettletop, the dam of Monmouth. For pedigree of Young Nettletop see No. 18.

Colts and Fillies.

No. 10.—Ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Charlotte Pace, foaled 1835. For pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 11.—Bay f. by Eclipse, dam Miss Mattie, foaled 1835—for pedigree of Miss Mattie see No. 19.

No. 12.—Chesnut colt by Monmouth Eclipse, out of the dam of Middlesex, foaled 1835.

No. 13—Chesnut filly by Powhattan, out of Blanche, foaled 1835—see No. 20.

No. 14—Chesnut colt by Shark, out of Miss Mattie, foaled 1836—see No. 19.

Brood Mares.

No. 15—Bay mare CHARLOTTE PACE, by Archy, her dam by the Imp. horse Restless, out of Green's celebrated Celer mare by Janus—stinted to Trustee.

No. 16—Chesnut mare POWANCEY, by Alfred, out of Virgo, by Sir Peter Teazle, imported, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy—stinted to Trustee.

No. 17—Gray mare BIANCA, foaled 1830, by Medley, out of Powancey—stinted to Trustee.

No. 18—Chesnut mare YOUNG NETTLETOP, by Marshal Duroc, out of Old Nettletop, by Diomed—Imp. horse Old Sharke—Lindsay's Arabian—Lee's Old Mark Anthony—Imp. horse Silver Eye—Imp. horse Crawford—Imp. horse Old Janus—Imp. Mare—See Am. Stud Book, page 361. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 19—Bay mare MISS MATTIE, by Archy, out of Black Ghost—Miss Mattie is own sister to Wynn's celebrated mare Isabella, the dam of Drone and Martha Washington—See Am. Stud Book, vol. 1, page 267. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 20—Chesnut mare BLANCHE, foaled 1821, by Marshal Duroc, dam Cornet, by Expedition, grandam Cleopatra, by Imp. Slender, g g dam Semiramis, by Messenger, g g g dam the Bashaw mare—Stinted to Trustee.

No. 21—Imported bay mare LADY MOSTYN, foaled 1831; got by Teniers, out of Invalid, by Whisker; grandam Helen, by Hambletonian, g g dam Susan, out of Drowsy, by Drone; Mr. Goodrich's Old England mare, &c. See English Stud Book and Weatherby's Racing Calendar. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 22—Gray mare HELEN, foaled 1830; by Lance, dam by Oscar—Expedition, Imp. Highlander—Fair American, by Lloyd's Traveller—Miss Slamerkin, by Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub mare, by Cub. Stinted to Trustee.

These horses have been selected from the most fashionable Stock in the United States and in England, without regard to cost. They are estimated to be worth over 40,000 dollars, but will be sold together for $30,000, or one or more at a low valuation.

The horses in training can be seen at J. K. Van Mater's, near Monmouth Court House, and the others at Capt. Stockton's farm, near Princeton, N J. [d24-6m

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

IN consequence of the death of Mr. J. SLEEPER, the following Thorough Bred Horses are offered for sale; the present owner having no use for them, is determined to sell them at very reduced prices, viz.:—

No. 1—*Norna*, b. m., 15 years old, by Director, (he full brother to Virginian), her dam, Lady Tolman, who was the dam of Kate Kearney and Sussex, and now in foal by Flying Childers. Price $300.

No. 2—Chesnut mare, by Sir Arthur, (he by Sir Archy, out of Green's old Celar mare) her dam Sally Nailor, by Imp. Wonder, out of Primrose; she by the noted Damon, (he by Imp. Fearnought,) her grandam by Jolly Roger, her g. grandam by Imp. Partner. Price $200.

No. 3—Chesnut horse, foaled 1831, out of No. 1, by Monsieur Tonson. Price $200.

No. 4—Bay mare, foaled 1832, out of No. 1, by Gohanna. Price $700.

No. 5—Chesnut mare, out of No. 2, foaled 1829, by Md. Eclipse, and now in foal by Flying Childers. Price $500.

No. 6—Chesnut colt, foaled 1835, out of No. 2, by Sussex. Price $500.

No. 7—Brown mare, foaled 1831, by Mons. Tonson, out of Elizabeth, by Sir Alfred, out of the dam of Sally Honet, and now in foal by Flying Childers. Price $500.

No. 8—Bay horse, foaled 1832, out of the dam of No. 7, by Timoleon. Price $700.

No. 9—Chesnut colt, foaled 1833, by Sussex, dam by Florizel, he by Diomed, her dam by Imp. Dare Devil, grandam by old Shark, g. grandam by Apollo, out of Imp. mare Jenny Cameron. Price $200.

No. 10—Chesnut mare, foaled 1833, by Sussex, her dam by Gov. Spriggs' Northampton, out of the celebrated Columbia, who was by Col. Tayloe's Oscar, out of Selima. Northampton and Columbia were half brother and sister by the side of their common ancestor, old Oscar, by Gabriel. Price $400.

No. 11—Bay horse, foaled 1832, by Byron, out of Iris, who was out of Beane's celebrated mare Miria, who was by Punch, &c. Price $300.

No. 12—Bay horse, foaled 1832, by Apparition, out of Jessie, by Telegraph, &c. Price $300

No. 13—Chesnut horse, foaled 1829, by Ratler, his dam out of Lady Bumbany, (who was imported by John Randolph), by Gracchus. Price $400.

No. 14—Chesnut colt, out of the dam of No. 10, by Young Fagdown, he by Old Fagdown. Price $100.

Any person wishing to purchase will please address (post paid)
Baltimore, Md., March 6, 1837. [mh 18-tf] W. H. STEWART.

LOUISVILLE HOTEL,

[mh 18 6m.] LOUISVILLE, Ky. By S. HASKELL.

HEALTH.

205 GREENE STREET, near Bleecker, and No. 333 Broadway, corner of Anthony Street.

The exercises of the Gymnasium are the best adapted, and the most equinomical for time and money, for the preservation of health and invigorating the constitution. Hundreds of persons of this city can testify to the beneficial effects from exercising in the Gymnasium.

W. Fuller respectfully announces that he has erected in the rear of his establishment in Greene-st. a Shooting Gallery.

The terms will be made known on applying as above.

Sparring and Fencing taught as usual

N.B. The junior class for Gymnastic exercises three days in the week, from 4 to 5 o'clock.

DENTISTRY.

I HAVE returned from a protracted sea voyage excursion to the West Indies, and am now prepared to see my patrons and friends at my residence, corner of Broadway and Chambers street. [A22] JOHN BURDELL.

RATS! RATS! RATS!

A PREMIUM of $15 will be paid to any person or persons who will catch and deliver 200 rats alive to the subscriber. Notice must be given a few days before the required number will be ready. [A8] JOHN BROWN, 23 Madison-st.

IMPORTED TRUSTEE.

THIS magnificent horse is now at my stables, near the Union Course, Long Island, and will be put to mares at $60 the season, and $1 to the groom, payable on the 15th of July. Mares to be paid for before taken away. Trustee ran third for the Derby, 101 subscribers, and was purchased by the Duke of Cleaveland after the race, for 2000 guineas, and was purchased from him by Messrs. Ogden & Corbin, and sent to the United States.

The subscriber is not liable for accidents or escapes.

New York, Jan. 21, 1837. JOHN R. SNEDIKER.

Pedigree and Performances of Trustee.

Trustee, a ch. h. foaled in 1829, and bred by W Ridsdale, was got by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, brother to Whalebone, Woful, Wire, &c., and the sire of Memnon, The Colonel, Emma, Gibside, Fairy, by Hermes, out of Vicissitude, by Pipator—Beatrice, by Sir Peter, &c. &c. See Stud Book.

Catton, sire of Trustee, was got by Golumpus, own brother to Hedley and Wanderer, his dam Lucy Gray, by Timothy, (by Delpini, out of Cora, by Matchem,) grandam Lucy, by Florizel, out of Phœnesy, by Eclipse.

Catton won 7 times at Doncaster, 11 at York, 3 at Newmarket, and one at Preston. During his career he won 14 successive races, and walked over one. As will be seen by the Calendar, he was one of the best four milers of his day, and is the sire of many well-known winners, among whom are Tarrare, winner of the St. Leger, Anna, sister to Tarrare, David, Contest, Minster, Diana, Lady Charlotte, Mundig, &c. &c. See Weatherby's Racing Calendar.

At the Epsom meeting, 1835, Mundig, own brother to Trustee, won the Derby Stakes for 3 year olds, carrying 8st. 7lbs., mile and a half, 128 subscribers; 14 started; beating Ascot, Pelops, Ibrahim, Silenus, Coriolanus, by Emilius, &c. &c. 7 to 4 agst Ibrahim, 3 to 1 agst Ascot, 6 to 1 agst Mundig. Ascot came in second, Ibrahim not placed.

At Epsom meeting, in the Spring of 1832, Trustee ran third to St. Giles (St. Giles, Margrave, and Trustee at this time all belonged to the same owners, Gully and Ridsdale) for the Derby Stakes, 101 subscribers, beating Margrave, (winner of the St. Leger Stakes both at Doncaster and Newmarket,) Beiram, (winner of the July and Prendergast Stakes,) Kate, Emiliana, Non Compos, Rounceval, Mixbury, and 13 others, 23 having started. After this race, Trustee was purchased by the Duke of Cleaveland for 2000 guineas.

At Doncaster, the same year, he was beaten by Margrave and Birdcatcher, none others placed; 73 subs.

At the Newmarket Houghton meeting, same year, Trustee, (at 8st. 4lb.) ridden by Chifney, beat Mr. Greville's Dryad, 7st. 10lb., D. M., a match, 300 sovs. a-side, h. ft. 2 to 1 on Trustee.

At the Newmarket Craven meeting, 1833, Trustee ran second to Rounceval, (whom he had previously beaten) for the Oatland Stakes, D. I., 15 subscribers; beating Consol, Beiram, Bizarre, Lady Fly, Argent, and Hokee Pokee. At the same meeting he won the Claret Stakes of 200 sovs each, h ft, carrying 8st 7lb, D I., 8 subs; beating Minster, Beiram, and Margrave a second time; even betting on Trustee. At Newmarket, First Spring meeting, he beat Lord Conyngham's Minster, 8st 7lbs each, a match across the flat, 200 sovs, h ft; 7 to 4 on Trustee. At York August meeting, same year, 1833, he was beaten by Voluna, for the great subscription, 2 miles, 11 subs; 5 to 2 on Trustee. At the same meeting was beaten by Voluna and Titus, carrying 8st 3lb; 2 miles.

At the Doncaster September meeting, he won the Claret Stakes, carrying 8st 5lbs, 2 miles, 3 subs; beating Pickpocket, by St. Patrick, &c. At the Newmarket Craven meeting, 1834, Trustee ran second to Sir Mark Wood's Oaks filly Vespa, D. I., carrying 8st 10lbs, and beating the Colt Lottery, out of Pledge, Lord Exeter's Galata, (winner of the Oaks,) Chantilly, Ann, by Catton, and Col. Peel's Malibran; 4 to 1 agst Malibran, 9 to 2 agst Trustee, and 8 to 1 agst Vespa. In this race Trustee was lamed, but at the Newmarket First Spring meeting, 1835, having stood his training, he was run against and beaten by Col. Peel's Nonsense, and Lord Exeter's Datura, when Lord Cleaveland ordered him to be sold. [J21

Catton, Trustee's sire, had *seven* winners last year [1836] on the English turf, who won twelve prizes. He has thirty-two of his get already entered for "the big things" to be run in 1837. In 1835 Catton had six winners—Mundig, Aratus, Contest, Chancellor, Zora, etc., who won ten prizes, including the Derby Stakes at Epsom, of 3,300£., and 600£. at Doncaster.

Whisker, the sire of Trustee's dam, Emma, has several very fine runners on the English turf. In 1835 Whisker's get won eleven prizes, including the gold cups at Liverpool and Northallerton.

RODOLPH.

THE THOROUGH-BRED STALLION AND INVINCIBLE RACE-HORSE, RODOLPH.—Having recently purchased of Robt. L. Shelly and others, the entire interest in this celebrated Horse at $20,000, and having no race on hand, except that with *Kathleen* and *Linnet*, for $20,000 a-side, which will not come off before next spring, I have determined to allow him to serve thirty mares, besides my own, the present season. As Rodolph will be positively limited to the above number, persons who wish to have his produce can secure the season of their mares, by writing either to me at Vicksburg, or to Robert Wooding, at Natchez. Two hundred dollars will be charged for each season, and pasture and grain can be obtained at the expense of the owners of the mares either at the Pharsalia Race Track, or at the Eclipse Hotel. I intend keeping him as low in flesh as I can, to keep up his life and vigor for the service of one, and never more than two mares each day, which will make him more sure, and his produce better than if his number was unlimited.

PEDIGREE, &c.

Rodolph will be 6 years old next Spring, is a rich, beautiful bay, 15 hands 2½ inches high, with uncommon strength and muscle, was got by Sir Archy (of Transport), dam by Moses, grandam by Cook's Whip, g grandam by Craig's Alfred, who was by Imp. Medley, Cook's Whip by Imp. Whip, Sir Archy (of Transport) by old Sir Archy, out of Transport by Virginius; Old Sir Archy by Imp. Diomed, out of Imp. Castianira; Virginius by Imp. Diomed, out of Rhea by Chatham—Harris' Eclipse—Imp. Shark—Imp. Silver Eye—Imp. Valiant, &c. See English and American Stud Book

PERFORMANCES OF RODOLPH.

He is yet young and not withdrawn from the turf—has run only 7 races, and won them all without ever being put to his speed on any part of the ground!! He lost the first heat he ever run in public, in consequence of the inexperience of his rider, as proven by his winning the second and third heats, and the race in quicker time than his competitor won the first heat.

Spring, 1834.—Rodolph, at three years old, won the stallion stakes at Lexington, Two mile heats, and at Louisville two weeks afterwards—won the 3 mile purse, in 2 heats, running the 2d heat in 5:49; then travelled up the river in a boat, to Newport, in which he was lamed, but notwithstanding, won the 3 mile purse at a single heat.

Fall, 1834.—Lamed in training, and did not start in any race.

Spring, 1835.—Rodolph, at 4 years old, over the Oakland Course, at Louisville, won the Three mile heats; 1st heat, 5:54—2d, 5:48, which is the quickest heat ever run by any horse west of the mountains.

Fall, 1835.—At Louisville, Rodolph won the Four mile purse without an effort, in 2 heats, although he was pronounced by all the trainers too fat for a Two mile race. At Lexington he won the Four mile Purse at one heat, nothing running with him the 2d heat.

Fall, 1836.—He ran a match race against Angora, the favorite and chosen champion of that gallant State, (Tennessee), Four mile heats, for $5000 a-side. He distanced, with great ease, his competitor, the 1st heat, amidst the acclamations of admiring thousands. From Louisville he was taken to Lexington, where his then owner (Mr. Burbridge) intended running him on the Four mile day of the Fall races. He, however, with characteristic generosity, declined entering him, when he was advised by the Jockey Club that no entries would be made against him, and consequently no sport had.

Rodolph is a race horse of the highest order. Every gentleman who has witnessed his performances will testify to the great ease with which he has always passed his fleetest competitors, whenever he has been required to do it. His owners have never yet been guilty of running Rodolph any faster than is necessary to win, nor do I ever intend running him faster than necessary *barely* to win, unless I know when I am starting him in his last race. If any gentleman thinks he has ever seen Rodolph at his speed, he will be very much astonished if he lives to see Rodolph meet his equal, both in condition for a race. I never expect to see him beaten by any horse in equal condition, nor do I believe the horse lives that can beat him Four mile heats. OSMUN CLAIBORNE.

Vicksburg, March 25, 1837. [A22]

IMPORTED STALLION, BERNER'S COMUS,

IS expected to stand in 1837, either at Boardman's Mills, 9 miles South-west from Huntsville, or at the Huntsville Race Track, at $80 the season, or $100 to insure a foal. He was shipped from Liverpool late in November, 1836, on board the ship Sherbrook, bound for Mobile. "Breeders may be assured that this horse will propagate a capital breed of Turf Stock for heats of three and four miles. He was bred in 1827, by Lord Berner, and ran by Col Wilson in 1830-31-32 and 33—was a stout racer, won a dozen prizes, mostly at Newmarket; among them 8 or 10 King's Plates and Cups, at long distances and heavy weights, and frequently in heats. Ran twice 2d to Priam—beat one of the best mares in England, Sir Mark Wood's Lucetta; beat Tranby, and several other good ones; is very near 16 hands high, of good form and remarkably fine action; of a red brown color, with a little white, and unites the Herod and Eclipse blood to the greatest perfection." Was got by Comus, out of Rotterdam, by Juniper, (so highly prized for distance). Grandam Spotless by Walton, Trumpator, Highflyer, Herod, &c. &c. I will, in handbills, extend his pedigree; nothing can be richer, and his performances, in full, will be found excellent.

Huntsville, Ala., January 17, 1837. E. H. BOARDMAN.

Imported CONSOL stands at the Mills in 1837, on last year's terms, viz.: $60, or $70 at the end of the year, and $100 to insure. [F4] E. H. B.

CHATEAU MARGAUX.

THE RENOWNED ENGLISH RACE HORSE AND STALLION, CHATEAU MARGAUX, will be located at my residence near Hayneville, Lowndes County, Alabama, and will serve mares at one hundred dollars the season, payable the first of July, and one dollar to the Groom.

Mares from a distance will be bountifully fed with grain at $8 per month, good and extensive pasturage gratis. Ample accommodations and separate lots are prepared for mares with colts, and every care will be taken to prevent accidents and escapes, but no liability should they occur.

The season will commence on the first day of February, 1837, and expire on the first day of July. GEORGE GIVHAN.

Hayneville, Dec. 14 1836.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

WADE'S CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES, have been extolled upwards of 37 years in England and France, as the best and only preparation to promote the condition of horses. They destroy the worms, and botts, loosens the hide, fines the coat, purifies the blood, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They have been tested by the first Veterinary Surgeons, and certificates granted as to their efficacy in the above named cases. Sold at 37 1-2 cents, or $4,50 a dozen packages, accompanied with full directions and recommendations round each packet. Sold by J. H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, sole importing agent, where they may be obtained wholesale or retail. [J28-tf]

ELEGANT TIMING WATCHES FOR SPORTSMEN.

THE Subscriber has on hand, and is constantly receiving the above articles, all of which are made expressly to order, for the purpose of *marking time* very accurately; together with a general assortment of London, Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. These Watches having been closely tested, are allowed by Judges to be the best article ever introduced for the above purpose. The watches being all warranted, the money will be refunded if they should not prove satisfactory to the recommendation.

Also a general assortment of Clocks, Jewelry, and silver ware, which the public are respectfully invited to call and examine at his store, No. 240 Pearl-street, corner of Burling Slip. [F18-tf.] WM. F. GRIFFEN.

What possible inducement can there be for holding back?—tis the last heat—each have won one—reputation, and donble the amount of money, is to be gained by running for it.

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 90 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama; Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

REMOVAL.

P. C. STRYKER most respectfully informs his friends and customers that he has removed over the way, to that large and commodious brick house lately occupied by Mr. S. B. Campion. He hopes to merit the patronage of his old friends and as many new ones as he can get.

Mount Holly, N. J., March 27, 1837 [A1.]

BAREFOOT.

THIS justly celebrated imported horse, one of the few now in America that ever won the Great Doncaster St. Leger, and a proved getter of winners in America, has recently been purchased by the undersigned at a high figure, and will stand for mares the ensuing season near the Oakland Race Course, Louisville, Kentucky, at the moderate price of $75 for the season, and $1 to the groom. The money to be paid, with the expense of keeping the mares, when they are taken away, or on or before the 15th of July next, when the season will end.

On the English Turf Barefoot proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day, he was not only the best in the North, but entitled to rank as the best colt of his year, at Newmarket, he having there offered to run the noted Emilius for 2000 guineas, who declined the challenge; and he ran on, when six years old, all distances, as will be seen by an examination of his performances as here noted.

That which, in addition to unrivalled performances and pure and fashionable pedigree, gives value to a stallion, Barefoot claims. He has proved himself not only a sure foal-getter, but a *getter of winners*, in this country! Where is the imported horse now in America, or west of the Alleghany, with the exception of Leviathan, of whom this can be said?

He is the sire of Clara Howard, the fleetest of the fleet, and game, over the course of 3 and 4 miles, with high Union Course weights. Also of Admiral, Ajax, Tramp, and the colt out of Agnes, all winners of important races, matches or sweepstakes, in quick time, and of several other good ones.

By reference to the advertisement now or heretofore published in the Spirit of the Times, under the head of "Union Course, Long Island," of Matches and Sweepstakes to come off, it will be seen that many of Barefoot's get are heavily engaged in both matches and sweepstakes of importance. For one colt dropped last Spring, own brother to Clara Howard, $1500 was refused, when only five months old, and several others, now yearlings, could not be purchased, for less than $1,000 or $1500 each.

History and Description.—Barefoot is a chesnut, with a star and small stripe down the face, but without white feet or other white marks; standing upon short legs, and of great substance, as his dimensions hereafter given show. He was bred by Gilbert Compton, Esq., near York, and foaled in 1820—was sold at an early age to Richard Watt, Esq., of Bishop Burton, near Beverley, in Yorkshire, who brought him forward on the turf, and after winning the Great St. Leger in 1823, was sold by Mr. Watt for 3,000 guineas, to the Earl of Darlington, (now Marquis of Cleaveland), who, in 1827 or 1828 disposed of him to Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Baronet, who sent him to America for the benefit of his native country at large, after having beaten nearly all the best runners in England, and he was landed at New York from the ship Napoleon, Capt. Smith, May 25th, 1828. C. R. Colden, Esq., of New York, better known in the Sporting world as "an old Turfman," took the admeasurement of his different points on the day he was landed, which were then as follows:—Height, 5 feet 2½ inches—girth, 5 feet 9 inches—arm, in circumference, 1 foot 9 inches—length from the breast, or anterior point of the shoulders, to the extreme point of the hip, 4 feet 11 inches—circumference of the fore leg below the knee, 8 inches—back or sway, from the posterior termination of the scapula, or shoulder blade, to the coupling, 1 foot 5¼ inches.

His Pedigree cannot be surpassed—he was got by Tramp, out of Rosamond, by Buzzard; her dam Rosebury, sister to Ruby, by Phenomenon; her dam Miss West, by Matchem—Regulus—Crab—Childers—Basto. Tramp was got by Dick Andrews, out of a Gohanna mare; her dam Flaxmella, by Trentham—Woodpecker—Everlasting, by Eclipse. Dick Andrews was got by Joe Andrews, out of a Highflyer mare, her dam by Cardinal Puff—Tattler—Snip—Godolphin Arabian. Joe Andrews was got by Eclipse, out of Amaranda, by Ommium; her dam Cloudy, by Blank—Crab—Partner, &c.

On the English Turf, Barefoot proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day; having beaten nearly, if not all, the best runners in England, as will be seen by the following statement of his performances, as well as by reference to the Sporting Annals for the years 1823 to 1826, inclusive.

PERFORMANCES.

At the York Spring Meeting, 1822, he run second to Miss Fanny, in a sweepstakes of 30gs. each for two year olds, for which eight started, and three only were placed. In September, 1822, (then only two years old), he won a sweepstakes of 20gs. each, 11 subscribers, at Pontefract, carrying 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.) beating Bordeaux and 4 others very easy. Barefoot, at the Spring meeting at York, May, 1823, at three years old, St. Leger Stakes, one mile and three quarters, 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.) beating Sir Anthony and Harpooner. Time, 3:15, or 1.51 per mile.

1823—At the August meeting at York, won a sweepstakes, 17 subscribers, 8st. 5lb. (117lb.) one mile and a quarter. Time, 2:22, or 1:52 per mile, beating Richardson's b. c. by Filho da Puta—Nitrogen—Isabella, and one other. At Pontefract, Sept. 2, won a sweepstakes, 10 subs., 1¼ miles 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.) beating Palatine. Won very easy.

Doncaster Meeting, Sept. 1823—Monday, Sept. 15, the St. Leger Stakes of 26 guineas each, for three year old colts, 8st. 2lb. (114lbs.); fillies 8st. (112lbs.) 84 subscribers. 1. Mr. Watt's ch. c. Barefoot, by Tramp, out of Rosamond, Goodison. 2. Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Sherwood, by Filho da Puta, Scott. 3. Mr Riddle's b. c. Comte d'Artois, R. Johnson. The following also started but were not placed: Mr. Peirse's br. c. by Comus, out of Rosanne; Lord Surrey's br. f. Etiquette, by Orville; Mr. West's ch. c. Claude Lorraine, by Rubens; Mr. Rogers's b. c. Tancred, brother to Pacha, by Selim; Sir M. W. Ridley's br. c. Ringlet, by Whisker; Lord Kelburn's ch. c. Caledonian, by Stamford; Mr. Bunter's br. c. by Orville, out of L'Huile de Venus; Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Mercandotti, by Muley; and Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. North Star, by Octavian. *Note*—Sherwood, Tinker, and Rosanne colt, Barefoot, Columbus, Comte d'Artois, Tancred, Mr. Uppleby's colt by Proselyte, Polly, the Lisette filley, North Star, Hydra, Meltonian, Berezina, Palais Royale, Brilliante Ringlet, Plumber, Rhubarb, Isabella, Brighton, Honest John, and L'Huile de Venus' colt, went off without being started by the clerk of the course, leaving at the post Caledonia, Mercandotti, Claude Lorraine, and Etiquette, when the Rosanne colt came in first, Barefoot second, and Comte d'Artois third. This was decided by the Stewards and gentlemen appointed from the Club to be a false start, and the race was afterwards run as above. *False Start*—Sherwood made very severe play, and kept the lead up to the Red House, when he was headed by Comte d'Artois, and some very severe running then took place between the Comte, Barefoot, and Rosanne, the latter winning by only a head. Tinker (afterwards known as the celebrated *Lottery*) was beat early, and Barefoot was shut out in running. Run in 3:22 *The Start*—The Comte here made severe play, until about two distances from home, when Barefoot came alongside of him, and won very easy by two lengths. Run in 3:23½. See page 69 of English Racing Calendar, attached to vol. 12 of the English Sporting Magazine, for 1823, and also Annals of Sporting for 1823, vol. 4, p. 248. It is also worthy of note, that the St. Leger Course, in 1823, was 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, it has since been curtailed 43 yards, leaving it of latter years only 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 132 yards, precisely 308 yards short of 2 miles, which, although run last year in 3:23, yet Barefoot in 1823, went 43 yards further in the same time, and repeated the distance with only the addition of a quarter of a second. Moreover, in the first race, ordered to be run over, in consequence of being adjudged a false start, Barefoot, although shut out, that is, hemmed in on all sides by the crowd of horses, so as to obstruct him, nevertheless, lost by only a head! And in the second trial won easy by two lengths. Here then his success did not depend upon any fortuitous circumstance; he proved himself, by repetition, decidedly the best horse, of a large lot of good ones, and is in justice entitled to credit, for that which no horse in America can show a claim,—running 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, (nearly 265 yards short of two miles) when 3 years old, with 114lbs. upon his back, in 3:23, and repeating it in 3:23½.

In corroboration of what is here said, will be found in the Annals of Sporting, vol. 4, page 244—"at length the St. Leger of 1823 is decided, and Barefoot, after running the race twice, is declared the victor, thus proving the old adage, that public running is the sure and safest criterion to back a horse."

After winning the Doncaster Great St. Leger, he was purchased by Lord Darlington (now Marquis of Cleaveland) for 3000 guineas—was carried by him to Newmarket, where he challenged Colonel Udney's celebrated horse Emilius (the recent winner of all the great stakes, and since the sire of Priam, Plenipo, Sarpedon, and others), for 2000 guineas, which was not accepted. At Newmarket, Houghton meeting, in October, he won the handicap plate, £50, distance, 1 mile, 1 quarter, and 24 yards, 8st. 10lbs. (122lbs.) beating Tressilian, Van Loo, Aaron, Nicoli, Mina, and Mr. Williamson's Partisan colt. Won easy. Thus winning every race for which he started, for that year, and beating the best horses on the turf.

1824—At four years old, June meeting, at Ascot Heath, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs., against Bizarre, carrying 8st. 2lbs. (114lbs.) 2 miles and a half, 7 subscribers, and was beaten, after a well contested race. At the same place he won the Swinley stakes, 3 subscribers, mile and a half, by walking over, no horse appearing to contend with him. At Doncaster, September meeting, on Monday, he started for the King's plate, 4 miles, 10st. 7lbs. (147lbs.)—Time, 8:18, and the favorite at starting; but was beaten by Arrogance and Bordeaux, coming in third and beating Bugle. At the same meeting, the Wednesday following, he started for a sweepstakes, 5 subs. St. Leger Course, carrying 8st. 7lbs. (119lbs.) and beaten by Lottery, the best horse of his day, carrying 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.)—thus giving Lottery, of the same age, 4lb., and whom he next year beat at even weights. The time of running 3:30. The above is the only time of starting in 1824.

1825—At Lancaster, in June, then 5 years old, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 17 subscribers, 3 miles, 8st 8lbs., (120lbs.), time not given; beating Lottery, (above mentioned, 5 years old, same weight), Young Corrector, 5 years old, Panthea, 4 years old, carrying 7st. 11lbs. (109lbs.) an excellent contested race. At Derby, in July, the same year, he started for the Gold Cup, 15 subscribers, of 10 guineas each, 3 miles, 8st. 12lbs. (124lbs.) and was beaten by Sir Grey and Canteen, both 4 years old, and carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lbs.) and beating Sligo, 4 years old, carrying 114lbs.; an excellent race. At Wolverhampton, in August, he started for the Darlington Cup, added to a sweepstakes of 13 subscribers, 10 sovs. each, 3 miles, 8st. 10lbs. (122lbs.) beating Gen. Mina, 5 years old, same weight, and Sir Grey, 4 years old, 8st. 2lbs. (114lbs.) the same horse that beat him at Derby, as above stated. At Northallerton, Yorkshire, in October, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs., with a sweepstakes added, 11 subscribers, 10gs. each, 2 miles, 8st. 9lbs. (121lbs.) agst. The Alderman, 3 years old, 6st. 10lbs. (94lbs.) and was beaten only by a neck, notwithstanding the great difference of weight. It may be remarked that The Alderman has proved himself to be one of the best horses of his day. The above are all Barefoot's races of the year 1825.

1826—At the Manchester meeting, May 17th Barefoot won the Free Handicap Stakes, of 30 sovs. each, 2 miles and a distance, he carrying 9st. (126lbs.), beating Miller of Mansfield, 8st. 4lbs. (116lbs.), and Lord Grosvenor's Hybla, 5 years, 7st. 13lbs. (110lbs.); a good race; 5 to 4 on Barefoot. At Lancaster, July 21, he won the Gold Cup, value 100 guineas, added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 3 subscribers, carrying 8st. 12lbs. (124lbs.), 3 miles, beating Crowcatcher, 4 years old, 112lbs., and Sophy, by Comus, 4 yrs. 109lbs. The above comprise all the races of Barefoot.

Barefoot is remarkably beautiful, very fine in his forehand, muscular, and well proportioned in all respects, very active, of a high spirit, and at the same time of a good temper.

Of his having proved a good and sure foal-getter we are enabled to give the following testimonial, under the hand of a very eminent breeder, and one of great and long experience.

New York, Jan. 23, 1837.

I hereby certify that the imported horse Barefoot has stood under my directions at West Farms, in West Chester County, New York, and at the Union Course, L. I., two seasons, and has pro

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

BALTIMORE, Md. - - - Jockey Club Spring meeting, Central Course, 3d Tuesday, 16th May.
" " Match, 4 mile heats, $6000 aside, *Decatur*, vs. *Carrol*, 17th May.
" " Match, 3 mile heats, $3000 aside, *Langford*, vs Sir Charles colt, May 17.
" " Match, 1 m. $20, a-side, *Ella Wickham* vs. *Eliza Bedford*, 17th May.
CAMDEN, N. J. - - - - Opposite Philadelphia, Jockey Club meeting, 4th Tuesday, 23d May.
CRAB ORCHARD, Ky - Spring Hill Course, annual Spring meeting, 1st Thursday, 1st June.
CENTREVILLE, L. I. - Trotting Course, Spring meeting, 3d Wednesday, 17th May.
FREDERICKSBURG, Va. Mulberry Course, Spring meeting, 5th Tuesday, 30th May.
GREENSBURGH, Ky. - - Match, 2 m. h., $1000 a-side, *Ben Duncan* vs. *Robt. Burns*, 12th Oct.
LEXINGTON, Ky. - - - Jockey Club Spring meeting, 3d Wednesday, 17th May.
LYNCHBURG, Va. - - - Jockey Club, Spring meeting, 3d Tuesday, 16th May.
MAURY Co., Tenn. - Jockey Club Spring meeting, 3d Tuesday, 16th May.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. - - Match.—heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
NEW YORK CITY. - - Jockey Club, Union Course, 2d Spring meeting, last Tuesday, May 30.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - Jockey Club Fall meeting, Eclipse Course, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
NORFOLK, Va. - - - - Norfolk and Portsmouth J. C. Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday, 6th June.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa. - Camden and Phila. Jockey Club Spring meeting, 4th Tuesday in May.
RUSSELLVILLE, Ky. - Annual Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th Sept.
VICKSBURG, Miss. - - Jockey Club Spring meeting, 3d Wednesday, 17th May.
" " - - Match, —— heats, $4000 a-side, on Tuesday previous to Fall meeting of 1837, *Miss Lindsay* vs. Col. Bingaman's f. by Leviathan & Bertrand.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

STALLIONS FOR 1837.

ANDREW, by Sir Charles, dam by Herod, will make his next season at Newmarket, Va., one mile from Petersburg. Terms in a few days. [m4

BAREFOOT, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Rosamond, by Buzzard, will stand at the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky. at $75, and $1 to the groom. Address Lewis Sherley & Co. [m4

BUSIRIS, by Eclipse, d. Gr. Duchess, out of Imp. Duchess by Gracchus—at J. Elliott's stable, 2 m. w. of Schuylkill Permanent bridge—$40 for thoroughbred—$20 for cold blooded m's. [F4

BERNER'S COMUS, *Imported*, by Comus, out of Rotterdam, by Juniper, will stand in 1837, either at Boardman's Mills, or at the Huntsville Race Track, at $30 and $100. [F4

CHATEAU MARGAUX, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Wasp, by Gohanna, will stand at the stable of Geo. Givhan, Haynesville, Lowndes Co., Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

CETUS, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Lamia, will stand at "the Reeds," Caroline Co. Va., the stable of Robt. P. Corbin, at $75 and $125, and $1 to the groom. [J28

COLLINGWOOD, by Ratler, dam by Trafalgar, will stand at Batesville, Ark., at $25 and $40. [F4] C. F. M. NOLAND.

CONSOL. *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Cecherus, will stand at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $60 cash, $70 at the end of the year, and $100 to insure. [F11

DAGHEE, *Imported*, by Muley, out of Fatima, by Arabian Sheik, will stand at the stable of Jeromus Snediker, near the Union Course, L. I., at $40—$60—$1 to the groom. [m11

DRONE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella, by Sir Archie, will stand at the stable of Hector Bell, near Winchester, Va., the stand of the late *Industry*. Particulars hereafter. [F11

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline, by Tramp, will stand at James Jackson's stable, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose, by Parcolet, will stand at the stable of Glascock & Lacy, at the Hampton Course, Augusta, Ga., at $100 the season. [m4

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, will stand at the stable of Col. George Elliott, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

LAPDOG, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Canopus, will stand at the stable of Colonel George Elliott, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $50, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

MARGRAVE, *Imported*, (dark ch, foaled in 1829) by Muley, dam by Election, will stand at the stable of Thomas Alderson, Nashville, Tenn. Terms, 75 and $100. [J 21

MONMOUTH ECLIPSE, by American Eclipse, out of Old Honesty, by Imp. Expedition—at Joseph H. Van Mater's stable, Monmouth Co., N. J., at $40 to insure [A8.

RODOLPH, by Sir Archy of Transport, dam by Moses, will stand at the stable of Col. Osmun Claiborne, at Natchez, Miss. He is limited to 30 mares. [m25.]

ROBIN HOOD, by Henry, dam by Hickory, will stand at Col. John CROWELL's stable, at Fort Mitchell, Ala, at $50 the season and $75 to insure. [m4

ROWTON, *Imported*, by Oiseau, out of Katherina, by Woful, will stand at the stable of Col. Wade Hampton, at his Woodlands estate, near Columbia, S. C., at $75 and $120. [J 21

SHARK, by Ann. Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archie, will stand at the stable of John C. Goode, near Taylor's Ferry, Mecklenburg, Va., at $75. [J 21

TRUSTEE, *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, will stand at the stable of John R. Snediker, near the Union Race Course, L. I., at $60, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, will stand at the stable of P. E. Todhunter, near Lexington, Ky., at $100. First rate *blue grass* pasturage gratis. [J 28

VALENTINE, *Imported*, by Magistrate, out of Miss Forester, by Diamond, will stand at the stable of the late Bela Badger, Bristol, Bucks Co., 19 miles fm. Phila. at $50—$75. [m11

VOLCANO, by Stockholder, dam Forest Maid, by Ratray, will stand at Sulphur Rock and Batesville, Ark., the next season, at $25 and $40. [F4] T. T. TUNSTALL.

WATERLOO, by Eclipse, out of Miss Waterloo, by Hickory, will stand at New Liberty, Owen Co., Ky., at $25; a class of 5 mares at $100. [F18.

ZOHRAB, b. h. by Imp. Arab. Bagdad, dam by Imp. Boaster—owner, F. H. DAVIS, Esq.—will stand at Plaquemine, La., at $20. [m11

☞ *Advertisements like the above will be inserted during the season for* $3.

A COUPLE OF SAWBONES.

The following, we believe is the latest, from the amusing Sam Weller, a touch of whose quality we gave a few weeks ago, in an exceedingly clever extract from the Pickwick Papers

"Well, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, as that favored servitor entered his bedchamber with his warm water, on the morning of Christmas day, "still frosty?"

"Water in the wash-hand basin's a mask o' ice, sir," responded Sam.

"Severe weather, Sam," observed Mr. Pickwick.

"Fine time for them as is well wrapped up, as the polar bear said to himself ven he was practising his skaiting," replied Mr. Weller.

"I shall be down in a quarter of an hour, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, untying his night-cap.

"Wery good, Sir," replied Sam; "there's a couple o' sawbones down stairs."

"A couple of what?" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, sitting up in bed.

"A couple o' sawbones," said Sam.

"What's a sawbone?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, not quite certain whether it was a live animal or something to eat.

"What! don't you know what a sawbone is, Sir?" inquired Mr. Weller; "I thought everybody know'd as a sawbone was a surgeon."

"Oh, a surgeon, eh?" said Mr. Pickwick, with a smile.

"Just that, Sir," replied Sam; "these here ones as is below, though, aint reg'lar, thorough-bred sawbones; they're only in trainin'."

"In other words, they are medical students, I suppose?" says Mr. Pickwick.

Sam Weller nodded assent.

"I am glad of it," said Mr. Pickwick, casting his night-cap energetically on the counterpane; "they are fine fellows, very fine fellows, with judgments prepared by observation and refinement, and tastes refined by reading and study. I am very glad of it."

"They're smoking cigars by the kitchen-fire," said Sam.

"Ah!" observed Mr. Pickwick, rubbing his hands, "overflowing with kindly feelings and animal spirits; just what I like to see!"

"And one on 'em," said Sam, not noticing his master's interruption, "one on em's got his legs on the table, and is a drinkin' brandy neat, vile the tother one—him in his barnacles—has got a barrel o' oysters atween his knees, vich he's a openin' like steam, and as fast as he eats 'em, he takes a aim vith the shells at young dropsy, who's a sittin' down fast asleep in the chimney-corner."

"Eccentricities of genius, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick; "you may retire."

A HARD CASE.—A few evenings since, as one of the two *acteurs* belonging to the Theatre d'Orleans was returning from the play, his mysterious appearance excited the suspicions of some one of the patrol watch established in the lower Municipality for the protection of property from thieves and incendiaries. It seems that the man was in the habit of dressing for his nightly character at home, and returned in the same dress. For fear of soiling a splendid pair of tights in his journey home from the theatre, he had turned them wrong side out, and with a solitary sperm in his hand, and a box of patent lucifers in his hat, he was discovered by one of the aforesaid guardians and overhauled. In turning his small clothes he unfortunately disclosed to the lynx-eyed preserver of the public peace sundry parcels of cotton laid on, here and there a little, to give his pedestals a more full and finished appearance. The watchman seized him, and notwithstanding the unfortunate delineator of other men's characters made every attempt to establish his own, he was taken to that vile receptacle of anything but honest men, the Calaboose, the Charlie being firmly convinced that he had found a decided case of incendiarism. What a transition was this for the poor actor. But a few short hours before he had been an associate of dukes, kings and princes, himself, perhaps, the chief; now, he was incarcerated with thieves, pick-pockets, rowdys and loafers, accused of a design of firing the devoted city, of which he himself was a member, and to which he looked for a livelihood. In the morning he was enabled to substantiate his innocence and get his discharge.
New Orleans Picayune.

Hear the nonsense sent forth by the press hirelings of the Continent. "It is said," quoth the Augsburgh Gazette, "that the Princess (Helena of Mecklenburg) *feels such a regard for the Duke of Orleans*, that she nearly fainted when at one moment there was a probability that the negotiations would be interrupted." There is a novelty, to say the least of it, in the circumstance of a woman feeling a regard for a man whom she never saw! The German husband-hunters know how to ape mock sentimentality better than any other description of man-*catchers* in the world.

RIFLE TACTICS.

THIS is the title of a book recently published in this city, 72 pages, 18vo. The work is well calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended, and every man belonging to a rifle corps should be possessed of one. Price by the dozen 31½ cents, and can be had at this office, 157 Broadway. [m13]

NEW YORK RACES—UNION COURSE.

THE SECOND SPRING MEETING, 1837, will take place the last Tuesday in May, 30th instant.

First Day—Tuesday.—A Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, Two mile heats; ent. $1000, ft. $250; 6 subs. and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Wade Hampton (of S. Carolina) names *Charlotte Russe*, full sister to Trifle.
2. John C. Stevens names ch. c. *Dosoris*, by Henry, out of the dam of Goliah.
3. R. F. Stockton names Imp. c. *Langford*, by Starch, out of Peri.
4. " " " gr. c. *Bergen*, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace.
5. Robt. L. Stevens names s. c. *Mortimer*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar.
6. John C. Stevens names ch. f. *Fanny Wyatt*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal.

Same Day.—A Sweepstakes, Mile heats, for 3 yr. olds that never started in a public race. Ent. $200, ft. $50.

Second Day—Wednesday.—Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Same Day.—A Sweepstakes, Mile heats, for 3 year olds; ent. $1000, ft. $250; 7 subs. and closed

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Wade Hampton (of S. Carolina) names Imp. b. f. *Emily*, by Emilius, dam by Rainbow.
2. John C. Stevens names produce of Charlotte Temple and Lance.
3. Robt. Tillotson names ch. c. by Henry, out of Medoc's dam.
4. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Nullifier.
5. R. F. Stockton names b. f. by Dashall, out of the dam of Monmouth.
6. Wm. Gibbons names bl. c. *Shadow*, by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Sally Slouch.
7. Samuel M. Neill names the brother to Post Boy, by Henry, out of Garland.

Third Day—Thursday.—Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Same Day.—A Sweepstakes, Mile heats, free for all ages. Ent. $20. The proprietors giving $100, with the entrance money, to the winner. To close on Wednesday evening at 5 o'clock.

Fourth Day—Friday.—Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Same Day.—A Sweepstakes, Mile heats, free for all ages. Ent. $20. The Proprietors giving $100 with the entrance money to the winner. To close Thursday evening at 5 o'clock. In this Race the winner of mile heats of Thursday will be excluded.

The Purses the second Spring meeting will be run for under the old regulations, without the division of Purses or the exclusion of horses not winning a heat, from starting for a third—that rule having been adopted for the last meeting only.

ALEXANDER L. BOTTS,
May 10, 1837. [m13.] DAVID H. BRANCH.

NEW ORLEANS J. C. RACES—ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE NEW ORLEANS RACES, over the Eclipse Course, will commence the first Tuesday in December, 1837, for the following purses.—
Four mile heats $3,000, $500 to the second best horse.
Three mile heats $2,000, $400 to the second best horse.
Two mile heats $1,500, $300 to the second best horse.
Two mile heats, Plate, value $1000—5 year olds and under, their appropriate weight; 6 yr. olds and over, 100 lbs. Liberal purses will be given for Mile heats and Mile heats best 3 in 5. Same purses will be given at the Spring meeting, the first Tuesday in April, 1838.
Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor and Treasurer.*

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, Fall meeting, 1837; to commence 1st Tuesday in December.
A Post Stake for all ages, Four mile heats; sub. $2000, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To be run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in December. To close the 1st Sept. 1837. One subscriber.—This stake will in all probability have 6 subs.
A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, to run 1st day of the Fall meeting, 1837, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250; to name and close as above.
Spring meeting, 1838, to commence 1st Tuesday in April.
A Post Stake, P. P., for 3 year old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $1000; 5 subs. and closed.
Sweepstakes for all ages, Three mile heats; sub. $2500, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in April. To name and close the 1st of Jan. 1838. Address
Y. N. OLIVER, New Orleans.
New Orleans, May 1, 1837. [m13]

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, L. I.

THE FIRST SPRING MEETING will commence over the above course the 3d Wednesday, 17th of May, and continue three days, for which the following Purses will be offered.—
FIRST DAY.—A Purse of $200, Three mile heats, under the saddle, free for all trotting horses. Immediately after, a Purse of $100, Two mile heats, in harness, free for all trotting horses that never won a purse.
SECOND DAY.—Purse $200, Two mile heats, under the saddle, free for all trotting horses. Immediately after, a Purse of $100, Two mile heats, under the saddle, free for all trotting horses that never won a purse of $100.
THIRD DAY.—Purse $200, Three mile heats, in harness, free for all trotting horses. Immediately after, a PACING SWEEPSTAKES, under the saddle, Mile heats, best 3 in 5. No distance, sub. $25, and $50 added by the Proprietor. To close on the 1st day of the meeting. Three or more to make a race.
Centreville, L. I., April 14, 1837. JOEL CONKLIN, Proprietor.
☞ The Winner of either of the three Sweepstakes advertised in this paper will be excluded from entering for the two $100 purses advertised above. J. C.

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

SPRING MEETING, 1837, will commence the Fourth Tuesday, (23d of May,) and continue four days.
First Day.—A Sweepstakes, mile heats, ent. $200, ft. $100, for colts and fillies 3 years old the Spring of 1837, bred in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Four subscribers and closed, viz.:—
Thos. Rotch names br. f. by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by John Richards.
Wm. J. Leiper not named.
W. Coleman names ch. c. Cornwall, by Luzborough, dam by Sir Archie.
J. B. Kendall names br. c. by Dashall, dam by Hickory, (the dam of Robin Hood).
Same Day—Second Race—Proprietor's Purse $500, Two mile heats, ent. $15.
Second Day—A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 years old in the Spring of 1837, Mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200; 13 subs. and closed, viz.:—
J. S. Garrison names ch. f. Sally, by Bertrand, dam Sally Hornet.
C. W. Morgan names ch. c. Yorkshire, by St. Nicholas, dam by Tramp.
J. P. Corbin—not named.
I. S. Snedicor names s. f. by Andrew, dam Flirt.
Willet McCoun names ch. c. by Henry, dam Grasshopper.
Wm. Jones names b. c. by Andrew, dam Princess.
Gen. Irvine names br. c. by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam Grand Duchess.
John Heth names f. by Grey Beard, dam J. Archer's Charles mare.
J. D. Kirby names b. f. by Luzborough, dam by Constitution.
O. P. Hare names ch. c. by Sir Charles, dam by Merryfield.
J. M. Selden names b. c. by Sussex, dam by Eclipse.
W. R. Johnson names b. c. by Andrew, out of the dam of Tarquin.
J. M. Botts names ch. f. by Gohanna, out of the dam of Watkins Leigh.
Same Day—Second Race.—A Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, ent $500, ft. $300, for colts and fillies four years old in the Spring of 1837; 4 subs. and closed, viz.:
J. C. Stevens names br. f. Bonny Black, by Valentine.
John Heth names ch. c. Decatur, by Henry, out of the dam of Tarquin.
Wm. R. Johnson names ch. f. Mary Blunt, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred.
Wm. R. Johnson names gr. c. Joe Kearney, by Medley, dam Kate Kearney.
Third Day.—Purse $500, ent. $25, Three mile heats.
Fourth Day.—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats, ent. $50. [A number of horses of high reputation are now in training, and it is expected that the sports of the turf will be unusually attractive.]
W. N. FRIEND, Proprietor.
Philadelphia, May 2, 1837.—[m6-3t.]

MARYLAND JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

SPRING MEETING, 1837, over the CENTRAL COURSE, will commence (as usual) on the Third Tuesday in May, (16th of the month) and continue four days.
First Day—The Dorsey Stakes for 3 year olds, Mile heats, sub. $300, ft. $100. Sixty-two subscribers! For a list of the entries see April number of Am. Turf Register.
Second Day—Two Match Races.—1st. Four mile heats, for $6000 a-side, between Mr. Wm. Coleman's colt Carroll, and Mr. John Heth's colt Decatur.
Same Day—Second Race.—A match, Three mile heats, for $3000 a-side, between Captain Stockton's Imp. colt Langford, and J. M. Selden's colt by Sir Charles.
The Craig Plate, value $500, Two mile heats, will also be run for the same day.
Third Day.—Proprietor's Purse $500, Three mile heats.
Same Day.—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Mile heats, sub. $300, ft. 100, to close Monday preceding the races—now four subscribers.
Fourth Day.—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Baltimore, April 25. [A29-2t.] JAMES M. SELDEN, Treas'r and Proprietor.

VETERINARY SURGEONS.

TO THE OWNERS OF HORSES, COWS, AND DOGS.—Carter & Mills, Veterinary Surgeons, respectfully inform the public, that, having taken the Stables and Yard in Broadway, opposite Waverley Place, they intend carrying on the veterinary business in all its branches, and they hope that attention and moderate charges will entitle them to a share of patronage and support.
Sick or lame horses received at the stables at $6 per week, including medicine, attendance and keep.
Horses and Cows attended in town or country at equally moderate rates
Medicine for every disease the horse, dog, or cow is liable to, prepared and sold at the Infirmary, and advice gratis.
☞ Horses bought or sold on Commission.
☞ Horses examined, and opinion given as to soundness. [m13]

FOR SALE.

TWO THOROUGHBRED FILLIES, 4 years old this Spring. They are only halter broke, never having been backed.
No. 1. A brown filly, of fine size, with plenty of bone and sinew, and in good form. She was got by Eagle, her dam Lady Mar, (the dam of the honest running horse Lara), grandam by Imp. Citizen, g. grandam by Quicksilver, (he by old Medley, out of a Wildair,) g. g. gran dam by Selim, g. g. g. grandam by Fearnought. Price $500.
No. 2. A Chesnut filly, by Eagle, her dam by Thornton's Rattler, grandam by Escape, her g grandam Young Adeline, by Topgallant; her dam (Col. Tayloe's celebrated running mare Adeline) by Imp. Spread Eagle; her dam by Whistle Jacket; her dam by Old Rockingham; her dam by Old Cub; her dam the famous Lady Northumberland. Escape was by Col. Hoome's imported horse Horns (he by Precipitate) his dam by Imp. Bedford, his grandam Gasteria (full sister to Gas, imported by Col. Hoomes,) was by Balloon, he by old Highflyer. This filly is not tall, but is strong, and in fine running form. Price $500.
Eagle, the sire of these fillies, was bred by the late Stephen Hunt, of New Jersey. Eagle was got by old Sir Solomon, his dam by Imp. Honest John, (he by Sir Peter Teazle), grandam Zelipha, by old Messenger, then tracing up to the same ancestry with Rattler, Sumpter, Flirtilia, &c. In consequence of the death of Mr. Hunt, Eagle was not trained. He was full brother to the celebrated running mare Roxana.
If the above described fillies are not sold previous to the first meeting at the Philadelphia and Camden Race Course, (last week in May,) they can be seen there.
For further information, apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway, New York, or to Gen. C. IRVINE, the breeder of them, at Philadelphia.
May 1, 1837. [m6]

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE—MAY, 1837.

CONTENTS—*Original Papers.*—The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky; Words spoken by an Indian Tomahawk; Imagination; To ——; There is always Hope; Man's Constancy; The Bride of Genoa; To a very Old Lady; Letter on the Parisian Press; The Tired Hunter; Virgil's Tomb; The Fairy Mythology; To a Hearse; Scraps from MS. Dramas; Vanderlyn; The Indian's Vigil.
Critical Notices.—The Americans in their Social, Moral, and Political Relations; Remarks and Documents relating to the preservation and keeping of the Public Archives; History of New York; Juvenal and Persius; Goetz Von Berlichingen; Manual of Politeness; Geology and Mineralogy considered with reference to Natural Theology; Housekeeper's Book; The Library of American Biography; Henrietta Temple; Sartor Resartus; Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petrea, &c.; Ion, a Tragedy.
Monthly Commentary.—Mr. Shiel's Speech; Columbia College; The American Quarterly Review; Editorial Arrangement; Statistics of Crime in the City of New York.
This day published by Geo. Dearborn & Co. 38 Gold st.
New York, May 1, 1837. [m6]

FINE BROOD MARE FOR SALE.

BY ECLIPSE out of *Sally Slouch*, by Virginian, 6 years old this Spring. She has fine size and action, and is remarkably handsome. Coming of the good old fashioned stout and lasting sort, with a pedigree second to none, a more desirable mare for the breeding stud is rarely to be purchased except at an enormous price. She will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately, and may be seen within a few hours' ride of this city. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A26]

IMPORTED TRUSTEE FOR SALE.

THIS universally acknowledged fine horse is now for sale, and will be delivered on the 15th of July, when his season expires. Trustee is a short legged horse, of great power and fine form, and his late owner, Capt. Stockton, being determined to know whether he was a four mile horse, (having put all his fine mares to him,) gave him a trial last autumn, and although lame and in no condition, Trustee ran his four miles in eight minutes with his shoes on; thus proving himself to be a horse both of speed and bottom. Trustee covered a few mares last season besides his owner's, and his colts show great form, bone and blood. Trustee can be seen at the Union Course, Long Island.
April 22, 1837. [A29] W. LIVINGSTON.

A STABLE OF HORSES IN TRAINING FOR SALE.

EXPECTING to be obliged to go to Europe early in the next month on business, I would be glad to sell three valuable horses, now in training, and at this time very promising. They consist of Lady Clifden, who won all her races of the last year at 3 years old. Another fine 2 year old colt by Sussex, and a very fine 3 year old out of Grecian Princess, by Maryland Eclipse, (one of the best sons of old Eclipse), and in the great Dorsey Stakes at the Central Course.
These horses will be sold at fair prices for stock of their acknowledged value, and time would be given on a portion of their purchase, if well secured and desired. A careful and experienced trainer might also be obtained with the horses, if a sufficient inducement be held out to him. I would also sell Grecian Princess, with a Tranby colt by her side, for $2500, or Betsey Wilson, also with a Tranby colt for the same price. Application must be made early if a purchase is to be effected.
THOS. EMORY, Eastern Shore of Maryland.
P.S. For the pedigrees of my Stock *in extenso*, see the 6th vol. Turf Register, page 402.
[A15] T. E.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

THOMAS PEARSALL, of Montrose, Hempstead Harbor, Queen's County, Long Island, offers for sale his entire stock of Thorough Bred Horses.
No. 1.—*Sportsmistress*, gr. m., bred by Gen Coles, of Dosoris, L. I., foaled 1818, got by Old Hickory, by Imp Whip her dam Miller's Damsel, (by Imp. Messenger,) the dam of American Eclipse, &c.
No. 2.—*Gulnare*, gr. m., bred by Gen. Coles, foaled 1824, by Duroc, sire of Am. Eclipse; dam Sportsmistress.
No. 3.—*The Jewess*, gr. m., foaled 1831, by Henry, dam Gulnare.

Stallions.

No. 1.—*Talma*, gr. h. 16 hands high, foaled 1827, by Henry, dam Sportsmistress, which makes him full brother to Alice Grey, who beat, with all ease, Black Maria, over the Union Course, in 7.56—7.50. She was the best get of Henry.
No. 5.—*Bravo*, b. h., 16 hands high, foaled 1829, by Henry, dam Gulnare, by Duroc.

In Training

No. 6.—G. c., 16 hands high, foaled 1833, got by Henry, out of Sportsmistress. He is a full brother to Alice Grey, and promises to make a race horse.
No. 7.—Ch. c., 15½ hands high, foaled 1835, bred by John N. Lloyd, Esq., of Lloyd's Neck, L. I., (the breeder of Post Boy, Tarquin, and Robin Hood,) was got by Talma, out of Dove, by Duroc. She is full sister to Cock of the Rock, and Young Romp; he is very promising.
No. 8.—G. c., foaled 1836, got by the race horse Flying Childers, he by Sir Archie, out of Gulnare, by Duroc. This colt is engaged in a stake over the Union Course, First Spring meeting, 18 subs., and First Fall meeting, 11 subs.
No. 9.—Ch. c., foaled 1836, by Gohanna, out of Gulnare. He is engaged in a stake to be run over the Kendall Course, Spring of 1839. $1000 entrance, $250 forfeit.
If the above horses are not sold at private sale, they will be sold at auction, during the last Spring meeting at the Union Course, L. I., of which due notice will be given. For information, apply to John Watson, Tattersalls, N. Y., or the subscriber. T. PEARSALL.

TALMA, by Sidney, dam Sportsmistress, will stand at Montrose, Hempstead Harbor, at $25 the season, at the stable of THOS. PEARSALL.

COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Betsey Ransom, 4 yrs. old this Spring, of fine form, great substance, and good action. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A29]

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

NO. 1. *Lady Tomkins*, a chesnut, bred by Samuel Purdy, of New York, and foaled in 1831. She was got by American Eclipse, out of Katy Ann, bred by James Bathgate, Esq. of West Farms, Westchester Co., N. Y. She was got by Ogle's Oscar, (son of Imp. Gabriel and Vixen, by Imp. Medley) out of Young Maid of the Oaks (the dam of Medoc), by Imp. Expedition, grandam Old Maid of the Oaks, by Imp. Spread Eagle, &c. &c.
She is therefore the same blood as Medoc, with the addition of an intervening cross through her dam of Ogle's Oscar, from whom she obtains a dip of the blood of Imp. Gabriel and Old Imp. Medley. Not put in 1836. Sinted to Imp. Tranby, and now with him at Lexington, Ky.
No. 2. *Maid of Miami*, ch. f., foaled in 1834, by Orphan Boy, (son of Eclipse and Old Maid of the Oaks), out of Katy Ann above, large and of great substance.
No. 3. *Fleur-de-Lis*, br. f., foaled in 1835, got by Imp. Valentine, out of Katy Ann, is of one color, and in high racing form—fine size.
No. 4. *Orville*, ch. c. foaled in 1836, by Imp. Daghee, dam Lady Tomkins, (No. 1)—large and fine.
Apply to LEWIS BEACH, merchant, New York, or M. PEACH, Lebanon, Ohio, (where the stock may be seen) and every further information given that may be required.
Lebanon, Ohio, March 17, 1837. [A29-tf.]

THE NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH JOCKEY CLUB RACES, Spring, 1837, will commence on Tuesday, 6th June, and continue four days. Particulars given hereafter.
[F14-6t] JAS. S. GARRISON, Proprietor.

SWEEPSTAKES, HAMPTON COURSE, GEORGIA.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at their regular annual meetings.
In all cases where there is a privilege of declaring off, the lesser forfeit must be paid to the Treasurer of the Club as much as two weeks previous to the race, or the party entering will be bound for the larger forfeit. The Club will appoint the day of running. When there are more than one Sweepstakes to be run at the same meeting, there shall be two days intervene, in order to enable gentlemen to run the same colt in both Stakes. The shorter race shall come off first. The death of the colt, or the demise of its owner, cancels the entry. An entry may be changed before the day of closing, and all entries must be made before that day. An entry mailed within that time, with the Postmaster's stamp or certificate, shall be deemed valid.

NOW OPEN.

Sweepstakes for 1837-38.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $250, forfeit $125, declaration $50. Five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1837. Mile heats.
2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $500, forfeit $125, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1837. Mile heats.
3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $1000, forfeit $500, declaration $100: four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st August, 1837. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. M. L. Hammond names ch. c. Gerow, by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
2. Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Emily, by Emilius, dam Elizabeth.
3. John Morrison names b. c. Target, by Luzborough.
4. Col. John S. Ashe names ch. f. by Godolphin, dam Sally Taylor, by Kosciusko.
5. E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Luzborough, dam Miss Medway, by Kosciusko.

Sweepstakes for 1838-39.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and closed 1st August, 1837. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard names b. f. by Docken, dam by Sertorius.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st August, 1837. Mile heats.
3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close 1st August, 1837. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John E. Colhoun names b. f. Nullifier, by Nullifier, dam by Tartar.
2. John G. Winter names b. f. Miss Accident, by Tramp, dam by Whisker.
3. " " b. f. Miss Armstrong, by Tramp.
4. " " ch. c. Geo. Stanley, by John Stanley, d. by John Richards.
5. John Morrison names f. by Eclipse, dam by Barefoot.
6. " " f. by Henry, dam Highland Mary.
7. Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Ella, by Emilius, dam Ada.
8. Col. Paul Fitzsimmons names ch. f. Ada Byron, by Priam, dam Delphine.
9. E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Godolphin, dam Miss Medway.

Sweepstakes for 1839-40.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John P. C. Whitehead names ch. f. Andrew Anna, by Andrew, dam by Sir Walter.
2. John G. Winter names b. c. Billy Harris, by Tonson, dam by Ariel.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.
3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

Sweepstakes for 1840-41.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close *before* 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.
2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $500, ft. 250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard enters produce of Empress, by Henry—colt by Rowton.

For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100, four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton enters produce of Emmy, imp., by Magistrate—colt by Rowton.

Sweepstakes for 1841-42.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; to name and close before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.
2d. Ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75.
3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Bay Maria, by Eclipse—Colt by Rowton.
2. " " " Augusta, by Crusader—Colt by Rowton.

Stallion Stakes, Foals of 1838.

Entrance $1000, ft. $500, declaration $250. To name and close on or before 1st April, 1837 To come off 1841. Three or more entries to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names the get of Rowton. [A1]

Small and very fine bred White Terriers.

FOR SALE, a Dog and Slut, about six months old, very small and very handsome, supposed to be the handsomest and best bred ones in the United States. See last June number of the New York Sporting Magazine. Apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A29]

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE
SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Seventh) of this paper was commenced on the 18th of February, 1837, being the *second* volume of a NEW SERIES, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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